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Great Britain and the Dominions Overseas

CANCELLING OF WAR DEBTS STILL URGED

Possibilities of Continuous Growth of Discord Among United States Debtor Nations Stressed by Writer

THREE GENERATIONS ARE HELD IN THRALL

War's Waste Hit Enemies Fairly Equally and Sins of Fathers Should Not Be Bequeathed

IT is common belief that the Labor Government already has done much to lead Europe out of the slough of despond from which it has been struggling to emerge since the war, says the London correspondent of The New York Herald-Tribune. Liquidation of the war moved toward a considerable stage at The Hague Conference but liquidation of the war can not be really completed without all-round cancellation of debts which will otherwise hold Europe in thrall for three generations. It is suggested that ten years hence the force of economics, apart from other considerations, will have worn away or even dynamited the obstructions which lie at present in the way of universal recognition of the fact that the waste of war has been borne in more or less equal measure by all who took part in it, and especially that the sins of the fathers, despite the cruel precept of another age whose standards are now forsworn, shall be visited upon the children of their children still unborn.

The British people are being educated to believe they have offered the world something the world is yet purblind enough not to appreciate as the only possible alternative to policies in which the seeds of future unpleasantnesses, not to speak of wars, are germinating. Here is an example of what an English newspaper thinks of the situation:

"As long as the United States persists in its policy of collecting European war debts, Arthur Henderson's hope that the World War will now become no more than an evil memory, and that its hatreds and clashing interests will become appeased, must remain unfulfilled as a mere pious wish. America is keeping her finger in an open wound, or, if you prefer the metaphor, is stirring the cauldron of European dissensions, and for what ultimate purpose?

"The United States is at this moment the richest power in the world, but I doubt whether her enormous wealth would enable her to sustain a long war as well as the European powers. The American population is too heterogeneous racially and socially and too geographically scattered for that absolute unity of mind which is necessary to support a long war. And sooner or later, America will be faced by a European combination, headed perhaps by England and possibly including Japan, demanding the cancellation of war debts, before which she will be obliged to give way. Then, why not do it now as an act of grace instead of waiting to be compelled?"

IRISH DESERT ISLES

Free State Alleviates Poverty of Isolated Farmers by Removal to Mainland

The transplanting of sixty-one farmer families from two islands of Inniskea, off North Mayo to the mainland, where they will be provided with fertile farm lots, is to be undertaken by the Free State in its fight to alleviate poverty among Irish farmers. Each islander will receive a small holding at an economic rent and the Land Commission will build a house at a cost of $750 for each family. When the change is made the islands will be completely evacuated, for it has been proved that even the most industrious families cannot wrest a living from the meagre lands there.

LEAVES ANGLICANS

Well-Known Preacher Formerly Curate at Brighton Joins Roman Catholic Church

The Rev. Vernon Cecil Johnson, who is widely known as a preacher under the name of Father Vernon, has decided to leave the Anglican Communion to become a member of the Roman Catholic Church. Father Vernon graduated from Trinity College, Oxford, and then went to Ely Theological College. He was ordained in 1910 and was for a time curate at St. Martin's, Brighton. For many years he has been a member of the Society of the Divine Compassion. It was stated at the House of the Order at Plaistow that the members had known for some time that Father Vernon was contemplating this step. He had, in consequence, been relieved of ordinary work in order that he might have time to reflect on his position before coming to a final decision.

Set Conditions for Producing Plays of "G.B.S." as Talkies

GEORGE Bernard Shaw, in an interview with G. W. Bishop printed in The Sunday Observer, says that under certain conditions he would allow his plays to be produced as "talkies."

"I know it is possible to reproduce dialogue," said Mr. Shaw, "and it is now established that the action can be produced on the screen. When it is as certain that the actual performers have mastered technique and there are some artistic producers who also understand technique I shall consent to have my plays made into talkies.

"Possibly I may write a talkie myself, but I see no reason why, under the conditions I have mentioned, 'The Apple Cart' should not be reproduced exactly as written."

Concerning the serious political significance of his play, "The Apple Cart," Mr. Shaw says:

"It is so serious that I intend to tell MacDonald that he must refuse to take any young man into his cabinet who has not seen 'The Apple Cart' at least six times. It is intended as a salutary lesson, as I feel it is a state of things into which we could drift."

BRITAIN OWES WOMEN MUCH

Empire's Colonizing Wives Made Possible Sturdy Growth of Overseas Dominions Says Dame Meriel Talbot

NO DISGRUNTLED SHARERS OF 'EXILE'

If the British Empire does not go the way of other great empires of history it will owe it to its women, in the opinion of Dame Meriel Talbot, Intelligence officer in the Overseas Settlement Department in London.

The reason for the fall of Egypt, Rome and Spain was that their women were not colonizers.

In each of these civilizations women occupied a very inferior sphere, and when they accompanied their soldier or statesmen husbands abroad they were, more or less, disgruntled sharers of an exile. Their minds were occupied with the delights of the land they had left; they had little or no interest in the country to which the service of the State had called their husbands. They were mere transients who yearned to get back home.

But women of an entirely different character were throughout the last century helping to build up the younger nations of Britain's Empire.

"Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa—each of them owes its progress to the courage and steadfastness of the women who worked shoulder to shoulder with their menfolk in making a real home in the country of their adoption," says Dame Talbot.

"These women did not spend their lives in repining like their sisters of ancient days, in waiting for the opportunity to return to the Old Country. They replanted their lives amid the new surroundings, they made themselves part and parcel of the new worlds. They were empire builders. They settled in another land, but continued to owe loyalty to the land of their birth.

"And as these women made homes and gave to their husbands the essential sense of permanency, so they brought up their sons and daughters in a spirit of loyal freedom—a loyalty shared between the new home and the old. And from one generation to another the tradition has passed.

"These women were essential to the work of empire-building. They faced lo' Winters and hot Summers, th shared tribulations and triumphs; they undertook their part of the day's work with cheerful courage. They were mothers worthy of their children, and they reaped the rewards that only responsible motherhood can bring in its train. Fine women, in very truth, they made secure for future generations the Dominions that they dignified by their self-sacrifice, courage and devotion."

PALESTINE'S FUTURE

Zionist Leader Stresses Method to Overcome Difficulties Looming Ahead

There is a significant hint of Jewish aspirations in Palestine in a letter in The London Times by the Zionist Revisionist leader, V. Jabotinsky, wherein he says:

"Many leading Zionist Revisionists adhered to Colonel Wedgwood's idea of Palestine in future as a British Dominion."

Such a development, problematical as it is, might go far to overcome some of the difficulties looming ahead through the British relinquishment of control in the Egyptian theatre, in the opinion of many students of Imperial problems.

How Wild Elephants Are Captured in India

AFTER the drive—a captive well secured between two tame animals. Once the elephants have been driven into the stockade—in the above case there was a herd of nineteen—the task of noosing begins and is a very risky operation. A large number of tame decoy elephants, with every appearance of utter boredom, enter the stockade and quitely move in position to enable the intrepid "noosers," working at their feet, to slip their noose of elk-hide rope on the hind leg of the animal nearest the decoys. This is an exciting business, but unfortunately for the spectators cannot be seen owing to the almost impenetrable jungle growth which is never successfully beaten down. Baby elephants—one very small—created immense amusement for many unthinking people. The laughing, shouts and screams as the babies frantically stumbled about with the herd was, to right-minded visitors, disgusting, says an eyewitness writing in The Field. This proves the pathetic side of elephant kraals.

TENNIS BY LAMPLIGHT

Amazing Boom in Game by Electric Illumination Noted Throughout Australia

Tennis playing by electric light is enjoying an amazing boom in Australia. There are about 600 hard tennis courts in Sydney alone on which thousands of office and city workers play nightly. Probably 2,000 to 3,000 night courts are in existence all over Australia. The courts are illuminated by 18,000 candle-power electric lights. Australia's first electrically illuminated tennis court was laid seven years ago by Mr S. Newlands, an ex-president of the Sydney Chamber of Manufactures.

The idea at once "took on," but owing to the prohibitive price of installing electric lights, it could not be popularized until an all-round cut in lighting charges had been made.

TO PRESERVE WEST WYCOMBE VILLAGE

Historic Old Buckinghamshire Village to Retail All Its Pleasant Appeal

Negotiations have been opened by the British Royal Society of Arts to preserve West Wycombe, an old and historic village in Buckinghamshire. Some of the cottages and buildings have been standing for centuries and descendants of old families still live in them. It had been feared that many families were to be turned out. Practically all residents are chairmakers, as were their ancestors.

In all, there are seventy buildings in the village. They are quaint and the overhanging windows, bay windows and old, uneven steps bring to a stranger memories of olden days. An ancient church, built in the fifteenth century, containing the kneeling stone used by long dead worshippers, is still used in the Winter.

On a hill near the village the eccentric Baron de Despencer in the early half of the eighteenth century built a meeting hall in which he and some friends met secretly as members of the Hell Fire Club, an organization originating in the South Sea Bubble. An underground room, also used by this club, is still in existence.

POPULARITY WANES

Use of Spats Among British Physicians on Decline, Says Observer

Spats are becoming unpopular among well-dressed Englishmen. Among the hundreds of doctors who attended the meeting in Manchester of the British Medical Association, hardly a dozen wore spats. Nearly all of them, however, wore dark suits and high, stiff collars, despite the heat.

COPRA PRICES FALL

The price of copra has declined so far that planters on the Pacific Islands are beginning to put the land into cocoa, rubber and other crops. The secretary of the Wellington Harbor Board, recently returned from a trip, said that it would, however, take several years to complete the change.

FAILURE ADMITTED BY COMMUNISTS

Conference on National Minority Movement Decide to Change Tactics

Speeches at the sixth annual conference of the National Minority Movement, which was held at the Town Hall, Shoreditch, recently, were notable for an admission that British Communists' tactics hitherto had failed completely, and that new methods were necessary to achieve success in the future. Consequently, the futile policy of forming cells within factories and trade unions for the purpose of carrying on disruptive propaganda is to be dropped, and committees of action for fomenting strikes in factories and mines, as well as independent Communist trade unions, are to be formed, says The Times.

Apart from this change of front, and an expressed intention to come out boldly into the open in the future, there were few fresh points of interest in the discussions. The Labor Government and the constitutional trade unions—"the reformist bureaucracy," as the Communists termed them—came in for as much criticism and derision as the capitalists. They were described by the speakers as "capitalist appendages," and "betrayers of the proletariat."

Though reserving their bitterest comments for the Labor forces, they did not forget to blame the "capitalists" and the "Imperialists." While calling upon the audience to admire the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, they attacked what they called "British Imperialism in India," more particularly in connection with the Bombay strike and the Meerut trial.

About 700 "comrades" were expected to attend the conference, but a rough calculation showed fewer than 350 in the hall. None of them wore red ties, but on a show of credentials all the delegates produced red cards of admission, which harmonized with the red drapings and banners on the platform.

Discarding his coat and rolling up his shirt-sleeves, the chairman (Mr Tom Mann) welcomed the delegates.

CAPTURES ELEPHANT

Gardener's Coolness and Presence of Mind Traps Wandering Monster Belonging to Menagerie

An elephant recently broke into an orchard belonging to Mr Murray Marshall, of Springfield, Godalming. An employee was feeding the poultry when he heard a crashing of branches in the orchard. He went to investigate, and was amazed to find that the intruder was an elephant, which was quietly helping itself to fruit from the trees. He called the gardener, who recognized the animal as one he had seen at a menagerie some distance away on the previous evening. Walking in front of the elephant, as he had seen its keeper do, the gardener called it by its name, "Babe." The elephant followed him quietly into a meadow, where, after a while, its keeper took possession of the animal. It was learnt that for two hours the countryside had been searched for the elephant, which had walked away unnoticed by its keeper when the menagerie was about to move in the early hours of the morning.

RAIL DEATH TOLL UP

Passengers Killed on Britain's Lines in 1928 Four Times Above Average

The number of passengers killed on the railways of Britain during 1928 was about four times the average for the last ten years, states a Transport Ministry report, and were attended with loss of life and injuries as follows:

Passengers—48 killed, 718 injured.
Servants—15 killed, 108 injured.
Other persons—8 killed, 71 injured.

No fewer than forty-one out of the total of forty-eight passenger fatalities occurred in the two accidents at Darlington and Charfield. The liability to casualty in the case of passengers during the year in train accidents was: Killed, one in 34.7 millions; injured, one in 2.3 millions. In 218 level crossing accidents there were fifty-two deaths against forty-two in 1927.

URGE MORE USE OF LONDON'S PARKS

First Commissioner of Works Wants Swimming for All in Serpentine

Brighter London parks, with free bathing for all in the Serpentine, is the ideal of Mr George Lansbury, M.P., First Commissioner for Works. In an interview Mr Lansbury said he was especially anxious that children should be happy in the parks and be able to bathe and play. For the older people he wants more seats and flowers.

"The Serpentine in Hyde Park," he went on, "is not used as fully as it should be. There is no dressing accommodation. Sooner or later, in my view, we must make provision for rational bathing facilities. Men and women should be able to bathe as freely in the Serpentine as they do on the South Coast or on the Lido. All sorts of people bathe together in the sea, and no harm but plenty of good comes to them. Why not in the Serpentine?

"As to sun bathing in Hyde Park we are discussing that with the Ministry of Health. If it is decided that it is a good thing and we are able to provide facilities, I hope means will be found to do it. As to how much clothes people will wear is a matter to be decided."

With regard to a shelter at Bushey Park, near Hampton Court, Mr. Lansbury asks if there is any public-spirited London citizen who would like to pay for one. Thousands of children from the worst parts of London are taken there each year.

MANSION AS SCHOOL

Canons Park, Where Handel Composed "Harmonious Blacksmith," Acquired for Girls' Collegiate

The historic mansion at Canons Park, Edgware, has been acquired by the North London Collegiate School for Girls. "Canons," so named from its ecclesiastical associations in the Middle Ages, is mentioned in Domesday Book. It was at Canon that Handel composed the "Harmonious Blacksmith," his first English oratorio, "Esther" (which was performed for the first time at Canons in 1720), and the Chandos Anthems.

TUNNEL WOULD WORK WONDERS

Investigating Committee on Boring Straits of Power Tube Find No Inseparable Obstacle to Work

CHANNEL PORTS CHIEF OPPONENTS

A favorable reply will be made by the English Channel investigation committee, appointed by the Baldwin Government to examine the feasibility of the long-discussed project of a tunnel under the Straits of Dover between England and France at a probable cost of £30,000,000. It is stated, however, that there are several points yet to be considered.

The committee investigating the project is one entitled to speak with authority. It is presided over by Edward Robert Peacock, a Canadian, a director in the British banking firm of Baring Brothers Company. Other members are Lord Ebbisham, former Lord Mayor of London, Sir Clement Hindley, former chairman of the Railway Board of India, Sir Frederick Lewis, chairman of the Furness Withy Company, shipowners, and Sir Henry Strakosch, a member of the League of Nations financial committee.

The Daily Express says: "Traffic between Great Britain and the Continent would be revolutionised with the completion of the tunnel. Trains starting from London could run direct through to the Near East, and the inconveniences of Channel crossing by steamer with its double delay at the ports would disappear. The opposition to the scheme was almost entirely from Channel ports, such as Dover, which foresaw the disappearance of its main industry."

FORSAKES LONDON

Michael Arlen Decides to Take Up Permanent Quarters in French Capital

Michael Arlen, British writer, it has been stated in London, has decided to make his permanent home in Paris. The playwright is now searching for an apartment in the French capital suitable to his needs. When he has settled in his apartment he hopes to write, but not for money. The public's reception of his plays has fairly definitely barred the wolf from his door, so if he writes now it is to be for the sake of writing.

GIBRALTAR TUNNEL

Sounding Sought for Twenty-Mile Subaqueous Link Between Europe and Africa

Soundings, it is stated, shortly will be begun in connection with the tunnel which it is proposed to build under the Straits of Gibraltar to connect Spain with North Africa. According to present intentions, the tunnel, which would be about twenty miles long, would connect Tarifa with a point just within the Tangier International Zone.

"My Darling Dog" Gets Bequest From Late Owner's Estate

PROVISION for "My darling dog, Miss Mischief," is made in the will of Colonel Claude Henry Lowther, of Hurstmonceux Castle, Sussex, who leaves £100,554.

He directs that the dog shall be taken immediately after his death to "my faithful old friend, Fred Charles Bishop, who shall receive £4 a month while she is under his care."

Colonel Lowther, a kinsman of Lord Lonsdale, took part in the relief of Ladysmith, and during the war raised four battalions of Sussex men, who came to be known as "Lowther's Lambs."

He was chairman of the Anti-Socialist Union, and for some time M.P. for the Lonsdale division of Lancashire.

A number of bequests are made to his employees and servants, and he also leaves £200 each to three doctors, £100 each to his four godchildren, and the balance in trust to be divided among Kenneth Cunningham and Claude Barrington.

GOLD DIVINER WORKS ORACLE

Devonshire Man Amazes Museum Curator by Locating Burial Places of Lots of Precious Metal

QUARTZ ATTRACTS OLD CLOCK SPRING

An experiment in gold divination was made on some rough ground at the rear of the Plymouth Museum and Art Gallery, under the supervision of the curator, Mr A. J. Caddie, says The Times. The diviner was Mr Frederick Stone, of Brandis Corner, North Devon, and he successfully located the following objects which had been buried previously by the curator: A gold chain, a gold bracelet, a piece of gold nugget and four pieces of rough quartz from the museum collection.

Mr Stone's method was to walk over the ground with an ordinary steel clock spring stretched between his hands, and whenever he approached one of the objects, the steel twisted and turned. Even the quartz, which contained very little gold, offered no difficulty, and in one case the diviner was able to say that the quartz also contained copper. From the number of turns Mr Stone could tell how many feet away the gold lay hidden. The diviner can also find other minerals and springs of water, and the presence of water and the proximity of telephone wires complicated his task last week.

Mr Stone, it was stated, was an invalid for twenty years until it was found that he needed insulation. He now wears thick rubber soled boots and a vulcanite pad under the right foot and enjoys good health, although he experiences periods of lassitude after divining. Up to a few months ago he had never attempted divination, but when tested he found over a dozen gold and silver articles that had been buried in a garden at Brandis Corner, some of them six feet below the surface. His reactions to electrical influences are abnormal. He cannot, for instance, use a telephone or a pair of wireless headphones without receiving a shock.

NEW IRISH PROBLEM

Titles Raise Precedence Question to Trouble Free State Authorities

The problem of precedence, which recently disturbed Washington society, has begun to trouble hostesses in the Irish Free State. Who is to follow whom, and why, cannot be determined, despite the prevalence of titles in Dublin, for they are all British, and the Free State forbids recognition of any title except those conferred by it. It has been suggested that a national order of merit be established to maintain precedential order at social functions. It is understood that the Government favors this, while an opposition condemns it as undemocratic.

CHIEF SCOUT TO VISIT

Lord Wilwell Announces Acceptance of Invitation to Proceed to New Zealand

The Chief Scout, Lieutenant-General Sir Robert Baden-Powell, whose elevation to the peerage, with the title of Lord Wilwell, was announced during the Jamboree, recently received a telegram from the New Zealand Boy Scouts Association issuing a cordial invitation to him to visit the Dominion next year. He has replied to the Dominion Executive, stating that he hopes to be able to avail himself of the kind invitation to visit New Zealand in 1930. The Chief Scout will be presented with the Honorary Freedom of the City of London at the Guildhall on Friday, October 18.

CENTENARIAN CLUB WOULD AID ELIGIBLES

Males and Females Desirous of Enjoying Life While Attaining Patriarchal Ages Encouraged to Join

DECLINE SEEN IN NUMBER OF ELDERS

Declares Particular Interest in Medical Exploration of Women's Prolonged Days in Comparison With Man

THE Centenarian Club is making a census of centenarians living in the British Isles, and they or their relatives or friends are requested to send particulars to the honorary secretary, who lives in London.

Dr. Maurice Ernest, the secretary, who is by no means a centenarian, elaborated the club's plans for those determined to become 100, and quoted these qualifications: "Sound family history. Vigorous digestion. Good appetite only moderately indulged. Capacity for sound sleep. Placid temperament, and little alcohol or animal food.

"Our club consists of men and women whose aim it is to become ablebodied and clear-minded centenarians," he said.

"In 1881 in England and Wales there were reputed to be forty-four men and ninety-seven women of 100 or over, but in 1921 there were only thirty men and eighty women. In Scotland there are only six men and twenty-nine women. Now, in Ireland in 1881 there were 224 men and 466 women, whereas in 1920 in the Free State only forty-two men and seventy-four women are recorded.

"We are particularly interested in the medical reasons which cause women to outlive man. Women are not so much exposed to outdoor work, but, more important than this, they breathe much more frequently in a minute than men, and by this burn up more of the waste products in the body. A woman's average respiration is twenty-two to the minute against eighteen or nineteen in a man.

"Non-drinking and non-smoking also help a woman, and I do not think the little smoking done by modern girls is sufficient to have a very detrimental effect," the secretary said in conclusion.

ADMIRED WRITER OF SONGS PASSES

Frederick Edward Weatherly Wrote Words for More Than 1,500 Popular Pieces

Frederic Edward Weatherly, K.C., who wrote the words for more than 1,500 songs, many of them being known in every part of the English-speaking world, died unexpectedly at his home at Bathwick Hill on September 7. He was eighty years old and celebrated his jubilee as a song writer on December 11, 1918.

Less than a week ago a lyric, his latest product was published in the London newspapers. He continued to practice as a barrister until a few days before his death. The list of his most popular songs include "The Midshipmite," "They All Love Jack," "The Old Brigade," "Darby and Joan," "Nancy Lee," "Roses of Picardy," "The Holy City," "The Star of Bethlehem" and "London Bridge."

Mr. Weatherly was widely known in England and on the Continent as a radio broadcaster of songs and stories. In England he was known also as a lawyer and as a writer on logic.

"Roses of Picardy" was written after the war and had an enormous popularity. "The Holy City" is a religious song set to the music of Stephen Adams and has assured for itself apparently a fairly solid popularity by its breadth and grandeur.

His writings scattered over a period of productivity started when Mr Weatherly was an undergraduate at Oxford, barely past the middle of the nineteenth century.

He was born at Portishead, Somerset, on October 4, 1848, and was educated in Brasenose College, Oxford, and was for several years a tutor.

Although he had no expert knowledge of music, he had a keen musical sense that told him which words were proper for music. With his gift for devising catching rhythms of words and simple, direct lyrics which could be set effectively to music, he achieved a sentimentality which suited the public taste. The result was success.

His first published song was "When We Are Old and Grey." One of his first real successes was "Nancy Lee."

"The verses of 'Nancy Lee' were written," Mr. Weatherly said in 1896, "while I was waiting for a pupil who failed to keep an engagement. In connection with that song is associated a rather sad incident which, at that time, naturally injured its popularity, for it was being sung on deck just before the Thames excursion boat, Princess Alice, sank."

Red Heads

She Was Red-Headed, Temperamental, and in Love.

By ROYAL BROWN
Illustrated by Hugh Hutton

THEY were both red-headed to begin with and both were fighting mad, although neither chose to show it. On the contrary, they suggested one of those lyrical advertisements, done in color, that present a very smart modiste with an extremely ornamental girl at the wheel and a personable male standing with one foot on the running-board, admiring the girl, the roadster, or both.

There were, however, several things wrong with this picture, the chief, so far as Patricia Collins—the girl at the wheel—was concerned, being the costume of the man with his foot on the running-board. In the advertisement the male is usually in polo kit or something like that—but Patricia's specimen wore the uniform and insignia of a motor cycle cop.

"And what," this personable, but none-the-less obnoxious six-footer was asking her, "is the fire?"

This was supposed to be biting sarcasm. There was no sign of a fire anywhere save, perhaps, a momentary glint in Patricia's violet eyes. Patricia was only twenty-ten and very pretty, which meant that she would have been spoiled, even if she had not been the only daughter of a man with more than a little money. Traffic cops irritated her, anyway.

"One of these days," she informed him serenely, "you'll break your neck—or somebody-else's on that kiddy-car of yours."

Wholly Unwarranted

THIS was mid-July, and he was mahogany-hued, but a flush of red showed under the bronze. That which she referred to as a mechanical kiddy-car was, in fact, a high-powered motorcycle and, as far as Officer Larry Dugan was concerned, it was a sweet-running bit of machinery. Moreover, the disdain with which Patricia referred to it was wholly unwarranted. It had brought her to earth after a ten-block chase when its rider breated her left front wheel and threatened to force her into the curbstone. This was enough, of course, to make any girl mad, even if she wasn't pretty and spoiled and a bit red-headed as well.

"If," Patricia added, as he stared at her in speechless surprise that suggested an impending explosion, "I hadn't been a darned good driver I might have killed you. Where do you think you are—on a speedway?"

The officer swallowed something—something, presumably, that might have caused his vocabulary to match his hair for color.

"Supposing you had hit one of the kids in the street?" he began anew.

"Suppose you had," she retorted.

"I wouldn't have," he said, with great grimness, "but you—haven't you any regard for the rights of others? You look like a typical hit-and-run driver. The sort—"

He stopped there. Naturally, for Patricia's temper had slipped its leash—suddenly and completely.

"You *seem* to think you can say anything and get away with it," she flung at him, breathing with difficulty. "You—"

She broke off, reached into the pocket in the door beside her and, producing a slip of paper, thrust it under his outraged nose.

"Licence, please!" she minnicked. "I'll save you the bother of asking me for it."

Name and Address

WITHOUT a word, he took the proffered licence and copied her name and address in his book.

"You'd better hold down to twenty until you're out of my sight," he advised, as he restored the licence to her.

She did hold down to less than twenty-five until her rear-vision mirror informed her he was no longer in sight. Then she glanced at her watch. She was late; it was after three, and eighty miles lay between her and afternoon tea at the Pitageralds. She was, as always, pushed for time. "I suppose," she reflected, "I'd better call Con up."

Drawing up at the curb outside a drug store, she went in to phone.

"Mr. O'Connor?" she said, and, when the connection was made, "Con, it's Pat speaking. I think I'm pinched."

"Again?" came Con's voice. "Can't—"

"It was all your fault," she informed him severely. "You kept me too long at luncheon. I told you I was in a hurry."

"You always are."

"And I am now. I just thought I'd better phone you at once."

"Much obliged!" sarcastically, of course. But I'll try to fix it up."

"Thanks awfully," said Pat hastily. "See you at the house on Saturday. I must run now."

She hung up, ending the brief conversation that contained little to suggest either Romeo or Juliet. Yet they were more or less engaged. Con conquired it as more, she as less. This had been the situation for two years now. So far as Con was concerned, ever since he had gone to see Pat's father at home and there encountered Pat.

"Is—er—Mr. Collins at home?" Con had asked, somewhat shaken from his usual poise.

Not Unprecedented

SO far as Pat's effect on the more impressionable sex was concerned, that occurrence was not at all unprecedented.

"He is," she had replied serenely. "With two balls on his neck and a lemon to match."

Later, her father had spoken of Con. "He's young yet, but he's smart," he had said, which from Tom Collins meant a lot. "He knows the law."

After that first meeting, Pat had seen a lot of Con. She had seen him on, but neither had she definitely discouraged him.

That was the situation on this July afternoon when Patricia gave vent to the note of her roadster toward Smuggler's Cove, where she and her father made their Summer home.

Smuggler's Cove was a moneyed colony, but it was not at all like Newport or Bar Harbor, else Tom Collins would not have been there. Tom Collins was not the sort to say much, ever. Occasionally he spoke pungently but more often he viewed life and his immediate surroundings in silence, enigmatic of eye. It was at Smuggler's Cove, he had nostalgic memories of the Summer cottage he had rented the year before Mollie died—when Pat was three that had been, and fifty dollars for the season had seemed something to talk about—he never mentioned them.

It had, none the less, seemed to him a grand place then and the sort of place one would never forget.

A place where a man could smoke with his feet on the porch rail. No complaints from all the solid comfort in the world. With the Kennedys on one side and the Curleys on the other and Pat with a broiled kiddie from building and Mollie assuring him that she felt like a million dollars—Mollie doing her own cooking and the washing over a coal stove and calling it a grand vacation.

"Sure," she had protested, "and why should we be paying three dollars a week for a girl that wouldn't earn her keep?"

Treacherous Uplift

THEY had said, when this treacherous uplift the Summer had given Mollie had passed and she had died, that Tom Collins would marry again sure, with Pat—and her a born handful—to take care of.

He never had. Nor had he spoken Mollie's name to anybody of his own volition for years. But there were moments when he would have surrendered every cent he had in the world to live that Summer over and give Mollie the girl she had protested against as too great an expense for the likes of them.

It was a queer world. He had slipped unprotectingly into the mold his mistress had made for him; his life and his person were completely tailored these days. But, through it all, he remained Tom Collins, silent and enigmatic of eye.

To her father Pat was the never-ceasing miracle. He called her smart, and so she was. He was proud of her and, at the same time, sometimes a bit afraid of her. She was so much like the proud ladies who used to ride to the hounds over Antrim in his boyhood.

"Going to swim?" he asked, when she appeared.

"As soon as I can get into my suit," she replied.

He found her waiting for him on the pier in a bathing suit that would have left Mollie gasping.

"Beat you to the raft," she challenged, and plunged.

It was now after five and this was the week Larry Dugan got off at four. He was home, had, in fact, just entered the kitchen, holding a youngster of four by the slack of his trousers, and he was addressing its presiding genius.

"Why don't you keep young Larry out of the street?" he demanded curtly.

"Was he in the street?" she gasped. "The way that imp—" She broke off there, turned to her offspring. "How many times have I told you mustn't run off when mother's not looking?" she stormed.

Larry's lips set. "He's too young to know what he's doing," he suggested austerely. "It's up to you to keep an eye on him."

Her Hands Full

SHE thrust back a wisp of hair from a hot forehead. "Oh, is that go?" she said. And I suppose you think that's all I have to do. The way he slips out—"

"He'll slip out once too often."

"Don't I be awake most thinking of it?" she demanded. "I—" She broke off as her eyes met his. "Go take a swim before dinner—it will make you feel better," she suggested.

Th cottage backed up against what was known as Coogan's Cove. There was a bit of water there, but it was highly improbable that even the most optimistic land company would consider developing it and rechristening it in the hope of establishing a Summer colony. Still, one could swim. As Larry presently did, in water and amid surroundings markedly different from those Pat and her father found at their disposal.

They—Pat and her father—sat on the edge of a raft. Chalk streaked and wheeled above them; the water into which Pat trailed her slim feet was clear and translucent.

"How did you find Con?" asked Tom Collins.

"Fine," replied Pat. "He'll be down Saturday."

"Many at the Pitageralds?"

"I didn't go. I was late," replied Pat. She paused, almost imperceptibly, and then added, "I was pinched—for speeding."

"You don't usually mind that much," he commented dryly.

"Why should I?" she counted. But her eyes darkened. "That cop was just the kind to make trouble. Maybe it'll cost me my licence."

Con phoned while they were at dinner. "Say," he demanded of Pat, "who was the idea of trying to run the cop, after he blew his whistle, anyway? You may lose your licence, but I'll do what I can to help you."

"I'll take a chance on that," she replied. "Not even Con could save my licence if I blew my whistle—and she tried to get away from me I chased her ten blocks before I got her."

"Well, the nerve of her!" commented Kate. She gave him a wall glance.

"Young, I suppose—and pretty?"

In spite of himself, he saw Pat so. But: "I suppose some would call her that," was all he said.

The late July twilight was not far away; there was a surge of sunset color in the sky. It deepened and flamed, then died away. Even the railroad tracks were obscured in the gathering dusk; only the signal-lights revealed their presence and Coogan's Cove, so ugly by day, became touched with a mysterious beauty. It was about nine now and Pat, finished with her dinner, had drifted over to the Smuggler's Cove Club. She was, at the moment, explaining to a group of her contemporaries—mostly feminine—why she had not appeared at the tea.

"Was he cute?" asked Agnes Logan, referring to Larry. "Some of them are awfully."

"It wouldn't do you any good to know if he was," suggested her sister, Moira, unkindly. "Pat saw him first and—"

"And I," interjected Pat scornfully, "would be glad to present him to either of you. It wasn't a case of love at first sight—anything but."

Agnes giggled. "You never can tell about that!"

But Pat could and did very definitely.

In the meantime, Saturday came, and with it Con. Pat was not at home at the moment. Tom was.

"I'm afraid Pat's in for a bad time," Con said. "That cop's a terror. He'll make it hot for her. I saw him this morning—he was off until noon—at his home. He lives with his sister over at Coogan's Cove. She's a widow, with one child, and has taking care of her. I guess."

Court's Demands

THERE was a pause. Then Con said: "Pat will have to appear in the court, and she won't like that."

Nor did she. It was almost six when she appeared. To prove that she was irretrievably spoiled and, that being so, so was Con's week-end. He left on Sunday morning although he usually stayed through to Monday. Pat had been sullen and silent in the few moments they had had alone. She eyed him resentfully when he tried to win her admiration by doing his best swimming.

"I pity the man who marries you," was his farewell.

"Well," she retorted characteristically, "I don't see why that should worry you!"

They had not, however, parted forever. They met again the following Tuesday when Pat appeared in court.

To Pat, who had liked appearing as little as Con had prophesied, it was particularly annoying to discover that her case was but one of many and that she must wait her turn.

The first appearance of Larry before the court, minus his cap, but still in uniform, had caused her to lauten.

The case he presented to the court moved swiftly, but even so it was after eleven when Pat's was called. She inwardly furious, if outwardly composed, pleaded not guilty and then Larry told his story.

"There had been a child killed earlier that day at almost the same spot—by a hit-and-run driver," he said in conclusion.

"I object!" said Con, instantly on his feet. The judge merely eyed him coldly; Pat barely heard him. A child killed—she visualized that shadowy. So that she thought was what he had had in mind when he handed on her. He thought she was that sort.

Con was prodding her. "Stand up!" he whispered.

Pat stood up a bit bewilderedly, became conscious of the judge's cold eye upon her. And then he spoke, slowly and deliberately—and Pat could say nothing. Not then! The maximum fine and her licence taken away for three months!

Nevertheless, she said plainly when she was back in her car again. Not to Con, who knew better than to present himself at such a moment, but to her father, who had also been among those present. He said nothing until Pat raged.

"And the judge took his word for everything."

"Well, you were going over forty, weren't you?" he interrupted. "And you did try to get away."

He glanced at her curiously but she merely bit a furious lip. "And," he added thoughtfully, "Con is smart—and he can pull wires with the best of them. He'll get the cop for this."

"If he doesn't get him," announced Pat flatly, "I'll never speak to him again."

Evidently Con had that idea. Pat heard not a word from him during the rest of that week—a week during which she was simply impossible.

"You always did have a mean disposition," Agnes Logan informed her, with the privileged frankness of a friend, "and it's taken a turn for the worse. What's the matter with you, anyway? You're perfectly murderous."

Tom might have diagnosed that, had he been home. "The traffic cop is on her mind as sure as the bump's on the camel," he would have said.

Tom, however, was back at his job. "Another week here and I'd be in a strait-jacket to keep me from pulling the feathers off my thumb," was his explanation.

Friday night he returned, however, for the week-end. He was as uncommunicative as ever.

"Hear from Con?" he asked.

"No," said Pat, and there was that in her voice that suggested she didn't want to hear from him. Con let it go at that. And on Saturday afternoon Con appeared. This time Pat happened to be at home. There was no great warmth in her welcome. Tom noted, but Con was unabashed.

"Still sore?" he shot at Pat, with a grin.

"I haven't the slightest idea what you're talking about," she replied disdainfully.

"I'd hate to bet on that." His grin widened and he took a shining duck from his pocket. "Ever see that before?" he asked.

Policeman's Badge

PAT'S violet eyes widened. It was obviously, a policeman's shield. "You—you don't mean that—"

"He's off the force," said Con briefly.

He tossed it toward her, expecting her to catch it. Instead, she swiftly thrust her hands behind her.

"I should think you'd be ashamed of yourself," she announced furiously.

Con's mouth opened incredulously. "Wh-what?" he stuttered.

She glared at him briefly, and then turned toward the house, leaving Con speechless in his bewilderment. He had quite forgotten Pat's father. The latter stooped and retrieved the shield.

"Women," said he, "are like that sometimes—never! I'm not silent for a second. I can remember once when—when her mother let a yell out of her as if murder was being done. I rushed into the kitchen to see what had happened. And there she was, up on a chair, with her skirts around her knees. In the corner there was a mouse, as scared as she. I suppose. But I never stopped to think of that. I grabbed the broom and fetched it a whack that knocked it dead before it could move. And then I turned back to—to Pat's mother—"

The words seemed to choke him a bit for the moment. But:

"She gave me the surprise of my life," he added. "You big brute!" she blazed at me. "What did you want to kill the poor little thing for? And the next moment she was on her knees, mourning the mouse."

He glanced at Con expectantly. But Con stood slow to get the idea. He was, obviously, about to say something and, as obviously, he changed his mind. Instead, he entered his car and departed without another word.

Pat watched him go an odd look in his eyes. Then he glanced at the shield his still held, and his enigmatic eyes softened. "Sure, styles and fashions may change but I guess women don't alter all," he mused.

In a Tantrum

PAT did not reappear until dinner was served and her expression did not suggest that her disposition had improved. Nevertheless, Tom ventured in where angels might have preferred to detour. "And why," he asked mildly, "did you blaze at Con that way?"

Pat's pretty lips compressed briefly. She herself didn't exactly know the answer to that. It was all mixed up in her own mind. Still:

"I think Con's too too for the job he's after frigidly. "I would have been perfectly satisfied with an apology."

"Oh, you would have!" commented her father. "Well, I can't see the bad that arrested you making that. He'd quit first."

This was Pat's own impression, as it happened. And, curiously enough, she would have despised him as well as hated him. Had he apologized. That was all mixed up in her mind, too.

"I'm not thinking so much about him anyway," she avowed seriously, "but about the sister he is supporting."

"It's late in the day to be thinking about that," commented her father, and added, "It's a bad time to be out of work—things are slack."

Pat hesitated. Then: "You might give him a job," she suggested.

"Me?" he echoed. "I'm laying men off at the minute."

Pat rose precipately, though dinner was no more than just begun.

"You," he added, with a note of finality in his voice that Pat seldom heard, but respected, perforce, when she did, "got Con into this to do your dirty work. Now you're expecting somebody else to clean it up for you. Well, nobody else is going to. Sit down and eat your dinner and quit your beefing about Con."

Pat, however, did not sit down. She left the room—and the shield, too.

This time, Tom let it lie. The maid brought it to him after he had finished dinner and asked him what she should do with it.

"Stick it up against the sugar bowl at every meal," he directed her.

Still Murderous

AND there it was, to the great interest of the servants' quarters, during every meal on Sunday. Pat ignored it. If anything, her mood was more capricious than ever, but it was at least no longer vocal.

The shield was still against the sugar bowl Monday morning when Pat breakfasted alone. It was there after Pat had finished and again in evidence during luncheon, which she had alone, her father having returned to the city. When Pat, with little appetite, had disposed of that, however, the maid burst into the kitchen.

"It's gone!" she announced excitedly.

"Did she take it?" asked the rest in chorus. "She must have," said the maid.

Pat had. In her own room she was now preparing for an eighty-mile drive.

Ten minutes later she was in her car. But for once she broke no speed limits. It was almost six when her roadster finally came to a stop in front of a cottage that overlooked Coogan's Cove, to be surrounded immediately by a group of interested urchins. Pat hardly saw them. As she approached the entrance, a man in shirt-sleeves stood there, smoking.

"Mr.—Mr. Dugan?" asked Pat breathlessly.

He was no longer in the uniform that so became him, but he was not unpersonable.

"I—I—I came to tell you," stuttered Pat, "how sorry I am that—"

There she stopped. It wasn't, of course, at all what she had meant to say. But then she had had no definite plan anyway. And he looked so surprised and so incredulous and—well, so curiously breath-taking.

That was in his eyes as he found his voice. "I—er—won't you come in?"

"Won't—won't you come out to the car for a moment?" she suggested.

It was her idea that there they would have privacy. But she reckoned without the youth of the neighborhood. They were seldom privileged to inspect a car such as Pat drove and they were making the most of the opportunity.

"Hey, you young heathen," commanded Larry, "get away from there."

Eye-Shot and Ear-Shot

THEY fell back, with varying degrees of haste, the one at the wheel moving fastest. But they did not retire far; they remained not only in eye-shot but in ear-shot as well.

"Would you—could you ride a little way with me?" asked Pat in desperation. "There's something I want—to give you."

"I've never got around to having my life insured," he retorted with a grin. "And, now that I'm off the force, there's no death benefit if—"

"Oh, drive it yourself, then," said Pat.

He accepted the invitation with an alacrity that stirred something in Pat.

"This," he announced, slipping into high, "is some car."

"And," commented Pat, eying the speedometer, "you may think you're some driver when you think you know some traffic cop will ask you where the fire is!"

He glanced at the speedometer and slowed down. "Well, I guess you know some traffic cop will ask you where the fire is!"

He glanced at the speedometer and slowed down. "Well, I guess you know some traffic cop will ask you where the fire is!"

"Tell that to the judge," suggested Pat maliciously.

She was quite herself again, as she spoke she reached into her handbag and brought a shield to view.

His eyes took it in incredulously. "Where did you get that?" he gasped.

"It's a long story," replied Pat. "Somebody thought I wanted it and got it for me. But I didn't really—and so I brought it back. Please take it."

"But what would I do with it?" he asked bewilderedly.

"Why, go back on the force again,"

(Continued on Next Page)

"Licence, Please," She Minnicked. "I'll Save You the Bother of Asking for It."

Pat had been sullen and silent in the few moments they had been alone. She eyed him resentfully when he tried to win her admiration by doing his best swimming.

Longest Police Beats in the World

By
T. R. ELLIOTT

CORPORAL Ernest Anstead of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police halted his dog train on a blustery day in March to spy out the lay of the land. He had started out in cross Ellesmere Island from the Bache Peninsula post and hoped in be able in circle Axel Heiberg Island before he returned. His only companions were two Eskimos, Nookapeeungwah and Ooilbuk, and, of course, his sled dogs. It was in be a long patrol.

The corporal knew it was important in select the easiest route. Already there had been toilsome traveling, owing to crusty snow, gravel and rocks on the trail in the mountain pass through which there was known to be ingress to the west coast of Ellesmere. A waterfall, full of large rocks and impassable, had to be avoided. A watershed had in be climbed. Then followed the halt to reconnoitre.

It was plain enough that a trail had to be found in the right or left, for a glacier blocked the valley. The corporal's field glasses told him that it would be impossible to surmount the glacier and the ice-cap, because the edges dropped sheer. Nookapeeungwah reported that a route between the glacier and the hill was out of the question because the ice had jammed up against the rocks.

The Eskimo advised a route which would mean hauling the komatiks up seven miles of hill in the inp of the glacier and then over the ice-cap. Corporal Anstead did not like the thought of that long climb for the dogs, so he decided in explore the possibility of getting between the glacier and the cliffs, even though the native had dismissed the idea as impossible.

Twixt Ice and Rock

IT was a forbidding path. To the left the glacier towered to a height of 100 feet, furrowed with cracks, and crowned with pinnacles that weighed tons, which threatened to fall at any moment. To the right the hills rose abruptly. The course was strewn with chunks of ice, some as large as twenty feet square. Fallen rocks also dotted the course. In one place the glacier was tight against the face of the cliff, except for a narrow passage which could be widened by infinite labor sufficiently to allow the komatiks to squeeze through.

What did it matter whether Corporal Anstead reached Axel Heiberg or not? There were no desperate criminals there defying the arm of the law. No reason why this particular patrol need be made. Yet Anstead put away his field glasses and picked up an axe. If the sleds could be got through he was going to get them through. And they got through. It was a tough bit of going, and long afterwards when the bitterness of the fight had died out the corporal wrote briefly and succinctly about it in a report to his superior officer.

"The dangerous part," he wrote, "was about 500 yards in length, and it took us five hours to work the komatiks through, making us sopping wet with perspiration, though the temperature must have been at least thirty degrees below zero. After a much-needed drink of coffee we proceeded on our way."

Tremendous Yukon Patrols

IT took four days to cross the glacier But hot coffee kept the three men in good spirits, and they finally reached Axel Heiberg After forty days of traveling on ice and rocks in the bitterest, wind-swept Arctic weather they pulled into the home post after having covered 850 miles.

It keeps the fiction writer traveling at top speed in do the men of the Royal Canadian Mounted justice. The most active imagination cannot invent hardship and adventure such as the Mounted encounter in their daily work in the far north. Once a year they tell about it, or their superiors tell it for them, in a "blue book" that is published at Ottawa by the minister in control of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police This book has a circulation of a couple of hundred copies among Canadian officials and public men. In restrained, cold sentences it tells without any frills or hysteria just what the Mounted Police have been doing in the year under review It is the one boast of the Mounted that they do not boast. They are not strong on publicity. Yet here in the annual "blue book" there is more for the discerning eye than there is to be found in all the best sellers that have ever been written about the "silent force."

Parols like the one made by Corporal Anstead are not unusual for the Mounted. The post on Ellesmere Island is far above the circle, almost opposite the northerly tip of Greenland, but there are many others well within the great white desert of the Arctic, where icy winds blow continually and where transport is entirely by foot or by dog train.

77,408 Miles Patrolled

SUPERINTENDENT R. Field, commander of the Yukon Division, reported to Commissioner Cortlandt Starnes, who in turn reported to Ottawa, that patrols in the Yukon for the year totaled 77,408 miles; of which distance 20,032 miles were traversed with horses, 3,445 by motor, 15,694 by foot and with dogs, 11,764 by train and stage, and 26,473 by water. These patrols were one-man and two-men patrols and they averaged 500 miles, the longest being from Dawson to Rampart House district and return, 1,400 miles by water.

A long beat for a policeman, it may be said, but not so long or so arduous as the land patrols at the inland posts. Inspector Wilcox, of Ponds Inlet, with three natives and two dog teams, traveled a distance of 900 miles in Fury and Hecla Strait and return, making the journey in forty-five days. It was not exactly a pleasure trip. During a March blizzard the party was in some danger, as they ran short of food, and even of water, because owing to the freezing of the coal oil they could not melt the snow. Had the storm lasted much longer they would have perished.

Through the country of the walrus and the white whale, in temperatures averaging thirty below zero, Constable S. H. G. Margette made a patrol of 945 miles from Ponds Inlet to Home Bay and return in forty-nine days. His report gives no hint of hardship, most of it dealing with the prevalence of wolves, polar bears, seals and other game.

Within the white desert of the Arctic, where icy winds blow continually and where transport is entirely by foot or dog train.

Crime? What would you expect where the population consists of a few primitive Eskimos? Most of the official returns of the Mounted at Arctic stations conclude with some expression of satisfaction at the entire absence of crime. Yet occasionally there are outbreaks. There were murders among the Eskimos at Kivitoo, and murder and suicide at Caw-Caw. Sergeant O. G. Petty, in charge of the detachment at Pangnirtung, believes that the Mounted by merely coming in contact with the natives once a year or so do much in a preventive way.

Wilderness Police Problems

"WE must expect in this district," he reported, "that there will always be outbreaks of religious mania Where the native is in constant contact with us there is little in be feared. These men have the brain of a hunter, and their book is the land of animals Their minds are getting filled with ideas they cannot understand, and the danger is when a man gets away from a white settlement he broods Even a yearly patrol breaks the current of these unhealthy thoughts"

Just what it costs in energy and fortitude to make these yearly patrols may be estimated by a trip of 640 miles made by Constable G. M. Curleigh from Pangnirtung to Cornel Grinnell Bay. After many days of hauling their dog sled over hummocks of ice which sometimes reached a height of twelve and fifteen feet, Curleigh and his Eskimo assistant, Nukigwah, missed their way near Cape St. David and were forced to make camp in an unfamiliar region near a suk-buk or waterhole.

They built an igloo and remained for the night. In the morning it began to snow and snowed for seven days without cessation. Snow nine feet deep by this time covered the ice. Curleigh and the native made snow shoes from the cross bars of their sled, lashed their deerskins under the sled runners so it could be used as a toboggan and set out for the nearest visible land.

Two Feet of Slush

THEY hunted at the suk-buk for seals to appease the hunger of their dogs and themselves. The weather turned soft and they sank inin two feet of slushy water under the snow at every step. The water froze in the komatik runners. One man had in break trail or the dogs would not proceed. Food being gone, they cut up a deerskin and pieces of fur clothing and fed the dogs. Next day they encountered a bear, killed it and relieved the food shortage and soon afterwards located themselves and reached their post.

Inspector Wilcox tells of the excitement encountered at one Eskimo village on the way in Foxe Basin. "We were awakened by the sound of dogs fighting, we rushed outside as soon as possible and found that they had broken inin a little igloo built on the side of a sleeping hut where we kept our supplies, and in a very few moments destroyed the entire contents, including thirty pounds of sugar, sixteen pounds of candy, ten pounds of tobacco, ten pounds of tea, ten pounds of coffee, also some coal oil and some dog feed. It was estimated that there were at least 300 dogs in the pack"

The great number of dogs in Indian and Eskimo villages of the North sometimes amounts to a veritable plague. Corporal J. L. Halliday and Constable J. G. Emmerson of the Rae detachment found an Indian village deserted because of an epidemic of influenza, and they had in shoot most of the thirty dogs the natives had left behind, so wild had they become with starvation. They went on to the village of Goulet, where the influenza had wiped out the population of a few score human beings, and there found sixty dogs that had literally torn the houses to pieces in search of food. Deerskins, bedding and harness had all been chewed up. The dogs had to be shot in self-defence

Other outbreaks in the Mackenzie Valley districts gave the mounted a busy time of it. Constables had to act as chaplain, undertaker, gravedigger, nurse, doctor, coroner or whatever the occasion demanded. For the most part it was gravedigger. The Indians have little chance against disease.

Mounties Use 372 Dogs

FARTHER below the Arctic circle crime begins. At Kispiox, in British Columbia, Indian witch doctors were prosecuted and convicted. A medicine man, practising deadly curses and evil spells which would be ludicrous if the Indians were not in such deadly earnest about them, was fined for his misdemeanors. One way he had of pronouncing death sentence on a person he did not like was to cut a small piece of cloth from his victim's clothes and after some incantations put it "in a dirty place," whereupon the victim shortly develops a bad cough and soon afterwards dies. The fact that this "medicine" doesn't always work does not excuse the Indians from the working of the white man's laws

Still farther south the Mounted engage in tracking down murderers, firebugs and the usual run of criminals associated with civilization. Robbers, swindlers, gamblers, con men and the troublemakers of mining and construction camps of the new mining north of Canada are the particular quarry of the Mounted Police.

The Northcott case in Southern California involved some smart work on the part of the Mounted. The American consul at Vancouver, after arrests had been made, wrote Superintendent Newson thanking him for the assistance of officers in apprehending Stewart Northcott and his mother, Mrs Louise Northcott. The original interest taken by Mounted Police led to the filing of complaints which resulted in the investigations of California officials into the alleged criminal activities of the Northcotts.

Fought for Prisoner

INSTEAD of helping to convict an accused man, the Mounted on one occasion used all its skill and experience to obtain acquittal, and the effort was successful. A former Canadian was charged with murder in a village in Utah. He was arrested in Los Angeles and, though he swore he had never been in the State of Utah, there seemed a strong case against him The Canadian Legion took up his case and the aid of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police was sought.

An overwhelming alibi was made out, scores of people making affidavits that this man had been in Victoria, B.C., at the time of the murder. The court in Utah refused in accept affidavits, but the statements were given as evidence before a consular commission and transmitted in that form The accused Canadian was then acquitted in the Utah court on motion of the prosecutor. Without the assistance of the Mounted an innocent man might have forfeited his life.

A summary of personnel of the Mounted shows that there are 1,087 men in the "silent force," 228 horses and 372 dogs. The number of dogs gives an excellent idea of the proportion of police work that is done far above the motor trails and the navigable waterways of Canada

And don't let anybody "kid" you about the Mounties not wearing scarlet tunics any more. Strictly speaking, the magazine covers are stretching it a bit when they show red-coated officers in a setting of Far North wilderness, there the dress is more likely to be a colorless field jacket. But on parade and "walking out" and on a score of special duties the scarlet is according to orders. Regulation dress for officers of the Mounted includes everything from helmet with spike and chain, scarlet tunic, frog and sword down to white kid gloves and black boots and steel spurs; it also includes fur coats, waterproofs and rubber boots when the weather calls for them.

Regulation dress for the constable includes field jackets, overalls, fur coats, moccasins, brown gauntlets or mitts; red serge or fur; field boots or rubber boots; felt hats or fur hoods. It all depends on the weather, the season and the work to be done. Dragging a komatik across ice hummocks in March is a job vastly different from standing on guard at the Canadian Embassy in Washington in August.

RED HEADS - -

Continued From Preceding Page.

"But I don't want to go back," he protested—yet as if he feared to displease her.

"You—you don't want to go back!" gasped Pat. "Why—"

"I've got something a whole lot better," he explained "That's why I left. It's with the Consolidated Construction Company. Seventy-five a week to start and—"

Pat's head reeled. "The Consolidated Construction Company!"

A Big Concern

EVIDENTLY he thought she never had heard of it. For: "It's one of the biggest contracting concerns in the city," he explained "It—"

"It," said Pat, "is the biggest. I know, because my father owns it." She stopped short, sensing a swift change in him. "Didn't you know that?"

"I did not," he assured her frostily. "A man in the company sent for me last Tuesday night, said he was always on the lookout for young fellows he could use."

"Why, I'll bet that was father's doing," broke in Pat, dazed herself

"If so, he fooled me nicely!"

"Fooled you—how?" asked Pat.

"Your lawyer tried to fix the case one way, and failed, so your father tried another way—handing me a job and getting me tied. Well, it won't work He can have his job back."

Evidently he wasn't red-headed for nothing Well, neither was Pat.

"How dare you say such things?" she demanded passionately. "You—you ought in be ashamed of yourself My father wouldn't tell a lie for anybody He—why, he must have taken an awful shine to you." She paused, struck by another and even more bewildering phase of the mystery "Why, how could he have had such a thing in mind, if it was Tuesday night you got the job? We were in court Tuesday morning"

Then, abruptly, she bit her lip—and blushed furiously Did her father think that—

The thought snapped there. Larry, though some blocks from his home, had drawn up to the curb. He was not only red-headed but angry and stubborn as well, and being all that, he was about to remove himself from the car

Pat caught her breath. "I," she began, her voice breaking treacherously, "just tried to be d-decent and you're horrid."

"I don't mean to be, truly," he assured her with great haste. "I—why, I—"

Another large audience of urchins had gathered. Becoming conscious of them, he swiftly slipped in the clutch

Overstepped

IT was after six then, but Tom Collins was still in his office

"You're smart, Con," he was saying, "and I don't deny it. Only this time you overstepped. That dodge about the shield was too smart I had an idea you might go after the lad, at that, so I talked to him. I had it in mind that, if he was as good as he looked to me in court, I might hand him something myself—a better job than he had, and so I did."

Con might have spoken then, but Tom gave him no chance.

"He turned in his shield of his own will—as you knew well," Tom went on "Smart you are, my lad, but you're a liar as well. And a liar, too, I don't want around me—no Pat either."

Con came to his feet. "If," he began, "you weren't twice my age and half my size—"

He stopped there because Tom was also on his feet

"Twice your age—and half your size, am I?" he bristled "Well, my lad—"

At seven Tom was no longer in his office He was over at Coogan's Cove and at peace with the world, for all that his left eye looked the worse for wear

"Who poked you in the eye?" young Larry demanded.

"Larry!" admonished his mother sternly."

Tom winked his good eye at her, however. Then, to young Larry he said, "Oh, that was given me by a lad that had two bad eyes and a poke in the nose by way of exchange."

Kate frowned, a bit worriedly. "I can't think what became of Larry," she apologized.

"Well, perhaps he's detained on important business," suggested Tom

"No; he went off with a girl. She was all dressed up like a million dollars, and he didn't even have a coat on. He seemed to know her—though it's no one he ever mentioned to me. But he's been odd lately, mooning around like a man with a girl on his mind"

"That sounds like very important business to me," commented Pat's father dryly

It was after nine then and Larry was obviously still detained by the business he was at Important business—cosmic business

They—he and Pat—had at last achieved a spot where they had no audience

"I've got a mean disposition," he was saying huskily.

"So have I," retorted Pat "So we're well matched."

"It's so sudden," he murmured, "I can't—"

"Now you're stealing my line," she protested. She glanced up at him, flushed and never so lovely "But then it would be—with us. Red-headed love, you know"

Bluebells (Mertensia) is one of the most interesting of plants. It grows one or two feet high and flowers very early in the Spring It is an ideal plant for shady places

Japanese spurge will produce a denser growth if it is cut back a few inches.

Huge Glass Casting for Telescope Took 135 Days to Cool

DEVELOPMENT of a new process for the manufacture of gigantic optical disks for reflecting telescopes is announced in Industrial and Engineering Chemistry, journal of the American Chemical Society. The success of the method opens a new field in the American optical industry, Dr. A. N Finn says in describing the production of the first American 4,000-pound reflector disk, which measured seventy inches in diameter and is eleven inches thick

The manufacture of glass for optical instruments is a well established but limited industry, he points out, there being not more than ten optical glass plants in the world.

"This industry, however, is necessary for the maintenance and development of our commercial and scientific enterprises," says Dr. Finn "Difficulties of minor importance in making glass for small optical instruments become more serious as the size of the instrument, and consequently the size of the glass, is increased

"The most serious difficulties met in producing large glasses include proper melting transferring the mass to a mold while maintaining the necessary quality and, finally, cooling it so that it does not crack and is free from internal stresses.

"It was first necessary to make pots sufficiently large to hold the amount of glass required. The pots were 'cast' in a plaster of Paris mold Each pot was made of 3,500 pounds of domestic clays and feldspar A hole was produced near the base which could be plugged during the melting and through which the molten glass could be drawn off.

"The combined mold and annealing furnace consisted of four parts—metal forms, lining, heating elements and insulation. A pit for the mold was dug in the floor of the furnace so that the glass might flow freely with it from the melting pot.

"The temperatures of the melting furnace and of the annealing furnace were controlled electrically. The pot was heated slowly, thirty days being required to reach a temperature of 1,425 degrees Centigrade, at which the glass would be melted.

"The lower door in the furnace then was opened and a water-cooled plug fastened in place One thousand pounds of cullet were put into the pot, filling it to a point above the plug Since no leak was evident filling of the batch at the rate of 170 pounds an hour was started. As approximately 5,000 pounds of batch were used it required thirty-one hours to fill the pot The mass was hand-stirred with a water-cooled iron stirring rod for six hours.

"Then the plug was removed and molten glass began to flow When practically all the glass was in the mold the lid was put in place The glass was cooled to 800 degrees Centigrade as rapidly as the furnace structure would permit. During the next two months the heating current was reduced gradually until the temperature for annealing, 461 degrees Centigrade, was reached. The glass was annealed forty-one days.

"Four and a half months after the cooling from annealing temperature started the furnace and its contents were practically at room temperature. The surface insulation and the lid were then removed. The glass was found to be in satisfactory condition The 4,000-pound telescope disk will be used in the reflecting telescope of Ohio Wesleyan University, Delaware, Ohio.

Confreres in Cabinet Got Souvenirs of Minister's Jaunt

THERE exists a tradition that a man who visits foreign lands should bring some little souvenir home to his friends Most of these souvenirs have greater sentimental then intrinsic value, but there are exceptions

Hon. Nelson S. Lougheed, Minister of Public Works in the British Columbia Government, returned some weeks ago to Victoria after a prolonged visit to the Old Country. When he attended the first Executive Council meeting after his return he brought with him a small black bag containing various documents of state importance and, as he gleefully explained, a present for every Member of the Cabinet.

The souvenirs, when finally brought to light, seemed extremely small, but their value was instantly recognized by all as being \$4.83½ at the day's rate of exchange Less cryptically put, Mr. Lougheed had brought back from London for each of his fellow Ministers a bright, new gold sovereign, now again being turned out by the mint after a hiatus of many years.

Gold sovereigns have rarely been seen in British Columbia since the early days of the war, and are considered quite a curiosity So four of the Cabinet Ministers who wear watch-chains may have a new charm, three others who wear fobs can ornament these with a golden centrepiece, and the others, who wear neither fobs nor chains, may use the English pounds as lucky pocket-pieces.

Why "Horse" Chestnut?

How did the chestnut tree come by its name? Gerarde, the famous sixteenth century botanist, declared that the horse chestnut was so designated because "the people in the eastern counties do with its fruit cure their horses of the cough, shortness of breath, and suchlike diseases" Another is that the name is applied because of the curious fact that where the leaf stem breaks from the twig there appears a small horseshoe mark, complete even to the nails.

How Europe Handles Crime and Criminals

With widespread crime persistent in the United States, it is of interest to see how Europe deals with crime and criminals Accordingly an investigation of foreign prisons and penology systems has been made by The Colonist and The North American Newspaper Alliance The results are given in a series of dispatches, of which this is the eighth and last

By HENRIETTA W BINGHAM

Austria's Prisons

TREATMENT of prisoners in Austria is to some extent graduated in accordance with the legal and personal status of the culprit.

Persons under provisional arrest during judicial investigation of alleged offences naturally receive more lenient treatment than criminals sentenced and serving terms.

Prisoners not yet up for trial and kept in preliminary custody may wear their own clothes and provide themselves with meals, receive newspapers and books, write letters and smoke They have fairly comfortable rooms, and generally are treated as individuals merely suspected of punishable acts.

Certain prison facilities are also extended to political offenders.

A distinction is made between adult and juvenile criminals Experience has disclosed the grave consequence of intermingling juvenile and grown-up criminals

Separate juvenile courts and special penitentiaries for young people exist in Austria There is also an unwritten distinction between convicts belonging to intellectual classes and others. The better educated wherever possible are not employed at manual labor, but preferably in office or library work, or some similar occupation.

Assignment to industries and handicrafts in prisons is governed by the principle of keeping the prisoners as closely identified as possible with their calling in civil life, so as not to estrange them from it or make them lose chance of resuming their former activities on release

Change for Worse With Peace

FOR many decades, up to the war, criminal statistics in Austria showed a certain stability in numbers and grade of offences. With peace a temporary change for the worse set in.

The remnant of the great Austrian armies, partly demoralised by war, were swept back to the impoverished and starving homeland already overcrowded by civilian fugitives from the provinces of the former vast empire

It is not to be wondered that with chronic lack of food and all other commodities brought about by blockade during the war, the rate of criminal offences, principally theft, burglary and fraud, rapidly reached an astoundingly high level.

This movement was reversed, however, when conditions in Austria became more stabilized, and the following years reduced crime statistics sharply.

Austria has six large prisons, five for men, one for women, in which only persons sentenced to penal servitude of more than one year are kept. They accommodate 3,570 prisoners. Besides these, there are sixteen prisons connected with the principal law courts, and more than two hundred jails with a total capacity of 4,200.

Two methods of confinement are practised, solitary and "joint" detention. In the solitary form the prisoner lives and works in his cell entirely alone He sees nobody except his warder and once a month a superior officer of the prison, and is not permitted to speak. In complete silence his days and nights are passed and only a short daily walk in the courtyard brings him into the open air, under the supervision of a warder.

Solitary Confinement

IN the common cells, in which the prisoners live in groups of about fourteen the convicts take their meals together, and they work together in common workshops.

Solitary confinement is either ordered by the governor of a prison as discipline for disorderly prisoners, or is given convicts who ask this form of punishment.

If a man has a clean record in prison he can, by serving a term in solitary confinement, shorten his sentence about one-third

Austrian prison rules afford well-behaved convicts further opportunities of earlier release After a prisoner has served half his sentence he can get conditional release whereby he enjoys freedom so long as he behaves If he is found guilty of any offence, however slight, his original sentence is revived and he has to serve it out.

The death penalty was abolished in Austria in 1919 This abolition brought no appreciable change in homicide statistics Murders did not rise above normal, as predicted by opponents of the measure, nor did they fall below normal. In this Austrian criminologists saw proof that capital punishment is not a deterrent to murder.

In Austria the percentage of recidivism is high. Nearly 90 per cent of the released jail population resumes its criminal activities and finds its way back to prison, so the same percentage of the average prison population must be classed as habitually criminal.

How to deal reasonably with criminality both from the point of view of protecting society and endeavoring to reform the individual criminal is as puzzling and perhaps as hopeless in Austria as in every other country.

Science Fights Deadly Diseases With Animals

SHOULD you have the great misfortune to fall victim of some disease like typhoid, diphtheria, smallpox or, perchance, the bite of a poisonous snake, science would call one of its animal allies, a cow, cat, horse, sheep, dog, a guinea pig, rabbit or even a chicken, to your rescue.

Many years ago scientists discovered that the bodies of some animals are very fine factories for making various kinds of sera used in the unceasing warfare on deadly diseases. It is for this reason that great, modern institutions where scientists are seeking the most effective methods of preventing disease, maintain a veritable Noah's Ark or zoo of science. Here, the visitor sees a maze of cages, pens and stables containing the queerest and liveliest collection of animals ever gathered for the purpose of combating human ills and begins to understand the important role animals are playing in the life and death battle between science and disease.

One of the most notable collections of animals that are serving science is found at the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research in New York City, where such internationally celebrated surgeons as Dr. Alexis Carrel and Dr. Simon Flexner direct the experiments. Investigators are also at work in other famous laboratories, notably at Johns Hopkins and Harvard Universities.

Just how these animals of the scientific zoos are serving ailing humanity is described in Popular Science Monthly by Henry Morton Robinson.

During his numerous visits to the Rockefeller Institute, Mr. Robinson saw several actual experiments in progress, with animals playing a major role in each case. Possibly the most interesting and valuable research now being carried on is the experimental work of Dr. James B. Murphy, the leading cancer authority in the United States. Dr. Murphy is experimenting with chickens in an attempt to discover the cause and nature of cancer.

"I use chickens because chicken cancer is very similar to human cancer," Dr. Murphy explained. "Just now I'm trying to graft cancer from one chicken to another, in order to prove a theory of mine."

Dr. Murphy led his visitor to a group of his assistants who were injecting a small quantity of local anaesthetic under a chicken's wing. After this had been accomplished, Dr. Murphy took a tiny cross section of a cancer which had been removed from another chicken, and with a deft incision placed it deep in the tissue under the chicken's wing.

"If that chicken develops cancer, I'll be the most surprised man in the world," said Dr. Murphy. "I've been building up her immunity for six weeks, and I could swear that the cancer graft won't take on her. But if it does—and stranger things have happened—it'll mean that I must begin all over again on a new hypothesis."

Who would think that rabbits were valuable allies of science? Yet when the late Dr. Hideyo Noguchi was seeking a cure for yellow fever, he shot many a needleful of the fatal fever germs into furry rabbits. Dozens of them died, of course, but finally Dr. Noguchi worked out a serum which is said to be a cure for that dreaded disease. Now, a rabbit can provide enough serum to immunize three men, and the plague of yellow fever has been driven from the Western Hemisphere within ten years.

The ordinary domestic sheep and cow provide the richest substance for treating anaemia. The Rockefeller scientists have found that calf's liver, scraped and slightly warmed, is an effective cure for this malignant disease. The present search of anaemia investigators is to find a less expensive substitute which will perform the same results. But until they do, sheep and cows will continue to give their only livers to cure pernicious anaemia in human beings.

A kennel of barking terriers has aided the Institute doctors in perfect the "bronchoscope," an illuminating instrument used in examining the throat and lungs of suffering human beings. Many a safety pin and small toy has been dislodged from the windpipe of a strangling baby, simply because some unpedigreed pup has permitted the Rockefeller surgeons to insert the bronchoscope into his throat for experimental purposes.

In one section of the Institute's zoo is a tier of specially imported ring-tailed monkeys. These grinning little animals, because of their resemblance to human beings, provide the Institute doctors with the choicest material for advanced experiments with meningitis and sleeping sickness, two diseases that still baffle science. Without these monkeys it would be impossible to obtain experimental knowledge of two stubborn medical mysteries. Meningitis, a disease of the human brain and spinal cord, usually is artificially induced in the animals. Each ill monkey then is isolated. His spinal fluid is analyzed, his blood corpuscles counted, his temperature, behavior, and then reaction to drugs are carefully noted. Everything that can be done to bring him back to health is attempted by the Rockefeller doctors, and the results are scientifically tabulated.

If he dies, the experiment enters its second stage. Cross-sections of the monkey's brain and spinal cord are placed under a high-powered microscope, and compared with normal tissues. Dr. Flexner, who is himself working on meningitis, explained that whatever progress has been made towards a solution of the disease was due chiefly to recent experiments with these monkeys.

A serum is extracted from guinea pigs and used to combat typhoid fever. From rabbits a serum is prepared for use in treating spinal meningitis.

Not only have dogs rendered heroic service to humanity in the battle against disease, but they are now also treated with a preventive serum. This photograph shows a dog being inoculated against rabies.

From the arteries of a trio of blooded mares several pints of diphtheria antitoxin are obtained every month. The antitoxin, made from mare's blood, is drawn off painlessly and never in such quantity as to weaken the animal yielding it. The mares are kept in model stables, are inspected by a staff of veterinarians every day, and receive the finest food obtainable. In return they produce a serum which is virtually priceless in safeguarding the lives of little children. One horse yields enough serum in a year to immunize a thousand babies from diphtheria! In the last ten years this terrible disease has been reduced nearly 50 per cent in frequency, as a result of diphtheria inoculation. The death rate has dropped from 18 in a thousand to 1.1!

Cats are also a great help to the scientists when they want to observe the action of anger, fear and other emotions on the digestive tract. In describing such an experiment with one cat called "Melissa," Dr. Flexner said:

"We feed Melissa fish, then peer into her stomach by means of the fluoroscope, and watch what happens when a dog growls at her, or a canary is placed just beyond her reach. She doesn't suspect that we're peering into her stomach, because the fluoroscope is painless in its operation. Of course, we use the information obtained from Melissa's stomach in diagnosing and treating human digestive ailments. We found that 'nervous indigestion,' so-called, resulted from the failure of certain glands to function properly under exciting stimuli—the presence of a canary, for example. When we took the canary away, Melissa's glands began to pour out the necessary fluid, and the digestive process went forward once more. Applying this principle to human beings, we have been able to cure many a case of digestive trouble that previously resisted our medical treatment."

Here are six fat Poland China hogs, munching their provender as they go about the business of making the basic material of insulin, medical science's principal weapon in controlling diabetes.

"All we have to do is feed them," said Dr. Flexner, "and they'll probably produce enough insulin to aid 5,000 suffering from diabetes. Before we knew about insulin, diabetes was a real scourge, defying our most strenuous efforts to control it. But Dr. Frederick G. Banting, of Toronto, in making the discovery, found that the ordinary pig contained the element lacking in the pancreas of the human diabetic sufferer. After experimenting with dogs—who also suffer with diabetes—we tried insulin on human beings, and the results were marvelous."

Men With Knowledge of Research Needed By Empire

LORD Buckmaster, as chairman of the governing body, presided at the dinner of the Imperial College of Science and Technology, held at the Royal Adelaide Gallery Restaurant, Strand.

Mr. Ormsby-Gore, former Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, said that he had reason to feel great gratitude for the work that had been done by the college in the past, and was being done today. They lived in an age when they required the adventurers in science. Man, when he went to new and unknown countries, and sought to harness them to the purposes of civilised life, found that he was met at every turn by new and unknown factors and by hostile forces. The conquest of these new lands was in the main the work of applying the knowledge of the great thinkers and the researchers—very often men who had never been out of the laboratory—applying their vision to the practical and concrete need of the conquest of natural forces. The first conquests that had to be made in the pursuit of the riches of undeveloped countries were those over the forces which threatened human life. The medical officer and the doctor came first, but those men could not be got within the arena of their work unless the material and economic sources of the undeveloped countries could be tapped.

The Pioneers

IT was to the master of minerals, the engineer, the agriculturist, particularly to the man who could apply science to agriculture, and to the veterinarian that they must turn for the assistance that was needed. The Imperial College had provided a very considerable proportion of the technical and scientific staff for the Geological Departments and the Mines and Agricultural Departments of the Colonial Empire.

Referring to the Agricultural Research Congress, he said that for the first time in history it was being realised that the advance of agriculture was of vital importance to every single unit in the Empire, and to the Empire as a whole. Our whole industrial civilisation would be imperilled unless the people realised that truth to a greater degree than they had in the past. He was still told that biology was an improper subject for schools. There were many problems which only those with a wide biological training and outlook could undertake.

They could not conquer the tse-tse fly, which kept half the area under the British Crown in tropical Africa literally unproductive and practically uninhabited unless they had a far higher outlook than the ordinary entomologist. Men were needed who had a far wider outlook than the mere entomologist, with all the debt they owed to him. It required men who had a broad scientific training. The Empire could do with all the available men with real research ability—of really sound training—in most of the sciences allied with economic botany. It was in urgent need of soil chemists today.

Empire Research

FOR the Research Institute in Tanganyika they had the greatest difficulty in collecting an adequate staff of men. It was hoped that that would only be the first of an Imperial chain of research institutes. Such a chain had been approved by the Imperial Conference of last year, which was attended by all the Dominion Premiers. Today they were held up, not for want of money or of opportunities to deal with the problems that awaited tackling, but for the want of men. Admittedly, they wanted the very best, and would not be content with any but the very best. It was no use manning research institutes and endeavoring to work out new lines of scientific conquest with men who had not a basic scientific training and for the zeal, enthusiasm, sense of adventure and pioneering spirit which marked the old overseas adventurers.

Lord Buckmaster, responding, said the liberality of Sir Otto Beit had been one of the main causes why the college had been able to achieve what it had done. That liberality appeared to be unfailing, for Sir Otto was still helping them in their new venture—the establishment of hostels. Their educational centre had stirred to the depths men who believed that in the advancement lay one of the great hopes for the future of this country, for science was not only our handmaid, but also our mistress. It was engaged in a constant and unending contest with the forces of Nature, and its purpose was to subdue them to man's will.

French Frigate Shoal Deadliest Spot in Pacific

SABLE Island is the graveyard of the North Atlantic, but French Frigate Shoal is the deadliest spot for sailing craft in the Pacific Ocean. This shoal, 500 miles west of Honolulu, received its name from the loss of a French frigate there more than a hundred years ago. Since then it has been piling up wrecks to its credit like an old-time bad man making notches on his gun.

The thrilling story of the shipwrecked crew of the French bark Connetable de Richemont reveals the tragic lure of the reef that has been called the Siren of the Pacific.

The Connetable left Hong Kong for a nitrate port on the coast of Chili. Contrary winds delayed her and, facing starvation, Captain Rault changed his course for Honolulu. He was still hopeful of meeting a ship that could furnish him food enough to enable him to return to his course to Chili, and when the lookout early one morning sang out, "Sail ho! Off the weather bow," the watch officer seized his glasses and saw what he thought was a big brig. He ordered the bark steered to cross the stranger's bows.

When dawn revealed objects clearly it was too late to correct the error; the bark was in a swift current and was being carried rapidly to her doom. She struck with great force on the reef. Three boats were launched, the sea being calm, the weather fine.

Captain Rault's boat landed in Niihau, Island of Kauai, two weeks later after fourteen days of semi-starvation and many battles with the elements. The second boat, in charge of the boatswain, reached Kailua four days later. The third boat, under command of Chief Officer Lane, was missing. The French Consul at Honolulu dispatched two steamers for it, and the United States naval commandant was about to send an American warship on the same errand when it was reported by wireless as having arrived at Lihue.

Aids Fruit Pickers

A DEVICE for picking small fruits with a minimum of effort and a maximum of celerity is the invention of Arthur W. Herrick, of Battle Creek, Mich. It is a mitten, with a fruit-receiving sack attached. The mitten has no thumb end, just a hole for extrusion of the forefinger, so that these members are free to do the picking.

Human Endurance Tests Throw New Light on Dietetics

WE may have become a race of so-called "cake eaters," but the fact remains that there are certainly among us some very tough hommes, just the same. This is apparent from a study of 199 participants in a transcontinental foot race by B. Gordon and J. C. Baker. The results of the study, published in The American Journal of Medical Sciences, are reviewed by The Journal of the American Medical Association as follows: "A marked difference was noted in the age, nationality, physical development, experience in running and habits of food consumption. The race was characterized by almost every violation of accepted principles of diet and hygiene and disregard for injuries, infection and human endurance.

"It appeared that a high caloric intake, derived from all foods, was more important than any fixed dietetic regimen. The most successful runners consumed readily available carbohydrate between meals, followed by an unrestricted high caloric diet at meal time and ingested meat at the evening meal.

"The data suggests that the comparatively normal human body, provided with adequate food and rest, may acquire during prolonged exercise unusual capacity for work apparently without serious untoward effect."

This has also been proved recently in some of the almost unbelievably long endurance flights. No ancients, whose feats have been heralded through the ages, were ever put to more grueling tests. The human race, in spite of our so-called artificial ways of living, does not seem to have deteriorated noticeably.

Tank Makes 42 Miles an Hour on Ploughed Ground

A THREE-MAN armored combat tank recently hurtled at the rate of 42.55 miles an hour over rough ploughed fields and sand dunes at Fort George E. Meade in a demonstration test that military experts said placed it twenty-five years ahead of anything the United States army has at present.

The tank was invented by J. Walter Christie, an automotive engineer, and can be converted from a caterpillar machine in fourteen minutes for use on highways, and in its road test it made a speed of 62.23 miles an hour.

Given its first public tests after eight years of experimenting by its inventor to produce a military combat machine to meet the needs of modern warfare, the tank was held to have performed entirely satisfactorily.

Technical details of the machine, which has one Liberty motor, were closely guarded during the demonstration.

The maximum speed of the combat tanks now in use in the United States army is 18 miles.

Emits Real Sparks

A TOY fire engine that emits real and convincing sparks is the invention of Louis Marx, of New York. It is made to run by winding a spring motor, and while running it gives out copious sparks from the furnace stack at the rear. The furnace fire is purely imaginary, of course, the sparks being supplied by a piece of ferro-cerium which is held by a spring in close contact with a friction wheel, the latter having a "tire" of sandpaper or emery cloth.

Scots Complete Work on A New National Dictionary

FOR the last twenty years a small group of Scottish scholars and enthusiasts have been at work gathering material for the publication of a great "national dictionary." The completed work will not only help to preserve the native tongue for future generations, but will also throw light on the traditions, customs and habits of thought of the Scottish people.

In order to insure a thorough investigation the whole country (excluding the Gaidhealtachd or Gaelic-speaking area) and a part of Ulster in Ireland was divided into districts, each with a supervisor and a number of voluntary workers, who have been collecting characteristic words and illustrative sentences from the speech and literature of their districts. With this material in hand the Scottish National Dictionary Association has been formed to complete the work.

The native tongue is no mere dialect of English, the association points out. The two languages are derived from the same source, but have been molded by diverse influences, geographical and political. Though there are several distinctive Scottish dialects, there is also a standard form, which is descended from a Midlothian dialect in the same way as standard English is descended from a Midland dialect. This dialect was spoken at the Scottish court from the eleventh century (when it superseded Gaelic) to the seventeenth, when, on the accession of James VI to the English throne, the court forsook Edinburgh for London. The language is that used by Scott, Stevenson and most of the best Scottish writers.

More than a century has elapsed since Jamieson published his Etymological Dictionary of the Scottish Language, and though it was a remarkable achievement for its time, even its latest edition is defective in vocabulary, phonetics and etymology, according to the association.

A Snappy Officer

HERE is an incident vouched for by the padre that made the mistake. Sergeant-majors promoted to commissions could always be picked out, it is said, by their punctilious salutes. A chaplain colonel was hurrying up in the Canadian headquarters when he had to pause for a moment to take the smart salute of a young officer standing by the door. "Well, colonel," he said when he went in, "been spoiling another good sergeant-major to make a poor officer, eh?" The colonel leaned over to the window to see his error. "You —— fool," he grinned, "that's the Prince of Wales." The Prince of Wales at that time was attached to the Canadian headquarters staff. His military training had been with the Guards, the snappiest unit in the British army, and the Prince's punctiliousness often shamed the rather happy-go-lucky decorum of the Canadian officers.

Meerschaum Pipes

MEERSCHAUM pipes are again becoming popular, but it is the youngster who is taking to them. The original and only real meerschaum pipe, which in the trade is known as the Queen of Pipes, is made from a porous clay found in one district of Asia Minor. Half the pleasure of smoking these pipes is in coloring them, a matter which requires care and skill.

C.N.R. Test of Diesel Locomotive May Open Vast Field

APPLICATION of oil-electric motive power to railway passenger trains opens a new era in the transportation industry, for in this self-contained unit is combined the economy in operation which the manager seeks, the cleanliness which the passenger desires and the electrification without the overhead wires or third rail which the residents along the line welcome.

Just how far-reaching the test recently made by the Canadian National Railways, with an oil-electric engine pulling a passenger train on fast schedule, may be cannot now be determined. The oil-electric engine in everyday passenger service cannot be evaluated properly until it has stood the test of constant operation under varying conditions of weather, weight and locale.

That operating and maintenance costs combined will be sufficiently below those of the steam locomotive to leave a margin for the carrying charges on the investment and still show a profit appears probable, for its fuel cost alone will be materially below that of the steam engine.

Then there are the "by-products," in which savings may be effected. Coal bins every 150 miles can be eliminated, and the cost of stopping and starting trains will be reduced. Likewise, division points can be much farther apart.

Already Diesel electric locomotives have proved their utility as switch engines, for the New York Central Railroad, after pioneering with them, has just ordered thirty-five more. Certainly this oil-electric development marks a milestone in railroading.

African Grapple Plant Known to Choke Lions to Death

THE South African grapple plant has been known to choke lions to death. Its seed vessel is provided with a large number of curved hooks which catch in the coats and hoofs of animals. In trying to tear them out, the animals sometimes catch the hooks in their mouths with disastrous results. It is said that goats and antelopes are killed by this plant. Another treacherous plant enemy of animals is the martynias of South America, a fruit with hooks five or six inches long. This behaves in a similar way to the grapple plant. An Indian species of nettle which not only stings but burns is feared by those who encounter it.

Barrie and Noise

Barrie wrote "Peter Pan" with four boisterous little boys tumbling all over him, records Hamlin Garland in "Back Trailers From the Middle Border." They were his adopted sons—lucky boys!—for he has no children of his own.

That noise and interruption when at work do not upset Barrie (like they do most writers) is doubtless due to his early training as a newspaper man, when he had to turn out his "copy" amid the babel and confusion of the pressroom.

A lady dining in a restaurant with her husband took him to task: "Why do you keep staring at that blonde, George?"

"Well—er, she reminds me of you, my dear."

"Then why not stare at me, darling?" was the sweet reply.

Rain at Times Brings Tragedy on New York Streets

WHEN a sudden thunderstorm sweeps down as New York's office workers are going home in the late afternoon it often brings a string of minor tragedies and comedies. The pathetic side of the drama has to do with ruined clothing; with girls in new frocks and flimsy footgear, scurrying along slippery streets or seeking cover while splashing through puddles, and with men stalled beneath store shelters or in doorways, thus missing their regular commuting trains and getting home late to dinner. But in the subway entrances, places extremely popular at these times, vexatious delay is sometimes accompanied by humorous situations.

In one case, the setting may at first be quite an ordinary one, the actors, a dozen business people of all types. They stand close to the subway entrance, under its metal and glass shelter, watching the downpour and looking gloomily at the small lake rapidly forming on the sidewalk in front of them. As many as possible keep close to the sides of the shelter, leaving a passageway for those hardy souls who venture forth into the driving rain and for the dripping folk who, from time to time, dash in under the shelter.

If the rain continues, however, the situation becomes tense. More people come in from the wet streets; more climb up the stairs from the trains below and hesitate to venture out into the deluge. Those who have positions near the entrance, from which they can get fresh air and watch for any let-up in the downpour, begin to feel acute discomfort as the crowd increases in size.

Good nature rules for some time. Wet folks from the street are admitted with smiling sympathy. Dry subway passengers fight their way up the stairs, see the rain and stop. They cannot return; others are pressing from behind them. Space is limited, something must happen.

At last the tension is broken when half a dozen strong and determined men start up the stairs from the subway. They see the crowd milling around the top. Good-naturedly at first, but with increasing desperation as they see their exit blocked, they shout, "Going out! Gangway!" and stage a regular football rush. They reach the top of the stairs. Those in the van of the crowd see damp disaster ahead, but cannot stop those behind them. Like the toy balloon blown up too tightly by the ambitious lungs of a small boy, something does happen. The lines give way; those at the edge resist no longer. The strong men burst through, dragging a number of others with them, and several sprawl on hands and knees.

Motions Compared

SOMETHING of the problem that confronts the modern astronomer in most of his measurements is illustrated in "The Pageant of the Stars," by William J. Luyton, in the following paragraph: "Imagine that one night we put a dime on the sidewalk of lower Broadway, in New York, and place a docile firefly in the centre. Suppose, further, that we ascend to the top of the Woolworth Building and, taking for granted that the dime as well as the firefly are still in place, observe them from this distance of 800 feet. If we are able to distinguish the firefly and to see it crawl from the middle of the dime to the edge in one year we have observed a motion just as fast as that of Alpha Centauri in the sky."

Listen, My Children

The Great Vijardi, Herself, Speaking—

By JACK LAIT

THERE are traditions about the grand opera game which differ from those of any other outfit in the arts, letters or amusements.

Despite the bitter rivalries there is a deathless esprit de corps. Jealous as those on the in are of one another and of impious aspirants who have the impertinence to think they are inspired and can crash grand opera, when they do see and hear a potential opera artist they will subsidize, teach, keep, encourage and glory over him or her.

They will dismiss with disdain any intimation that they are not the highest angels in the heavens of the arts; that they are not a favored and sui generis set of super-people; that they are not the greatest living people and that they are not greater than one another.

Every third tenor is third because of favoritism, politics or chicanery—he was divinely intended to be first and is equipped to be, far above those two swine ahead of him. Every baritone thinks tenors are inartistic and about unnecessary. Every prima donna deplores the voiceless males against whose rasping discords she must sing her perfect obligatos—and so the story runs.

Now Madame Vijardi was a mezzo of no mean status. She was intrenched in her stellar position beyond the power of man to dislodge her. No other would have dared to essay her repertoire of roles which she was with the company, and no company would have dared to let her go.

She strode through life with all the cocksure arrogance of royalty. She brooked no criticism, suggestions or advice, not to mention orders. And she regarded any other existence, save that of an opera prima donna, as a low, commercial, mundane and vapid way to waste a lifetime.

In an intricate manner, which need not here be detailed, though there was nothing therein which could not be openly told, a young and beautiful girl, of Italian heritage, Isabella Rizi, had broken through the tangles and the unscalable walls and barred doors, into the sanctum of the great Vijardi.

Isabella had persuaded the luminous one to hear her sing. So nervous at the presence of one so sanctified, tense with the fearsome excitement of having her golden chance at the golden gate of her lofty dreams, the youngster flatted and shrilled and all but passed out.

But the educated ear of Vijardi caught the note of talent. She threw herself upon Isabella, crushed her, wept over her, slobbered superlatives and cried aloud that a historical moment had come—a star had appeared in the firmament.

The bewildered child was speechless, almost senseless. But she soon found herself the protege, the ward, almost the daughter of the childless Vijardi. She was educated by the greatest masters in diction, elocution, delsarie, ennunciation and every last specialized branch in the intensely developed science of voice culture.

She was sent abroad to be finished.

And on the journey home, after almost a year's absence, she was finished indeed.

For she there met Clayton Mackenzie.

Mackenzie was a Roman Catholic, so that was all right. But Mackenzie was a Government forester, whose work took him to the deepest wilds of timber preserves in California, in Montana, in Wyoming, in New Mexico, in Utah—there to live in primitive cabins or teepees, to spend his days and some of his nights prowling through jungles of trees and wastes of flatlands.

Isabella fell in love with him as an artistic, Levantine, romantic child can. And Mackenzie, though of more stolid stock, but with the surefooted decisiveness of his breed, chose her for his wife, his mate.

When Isabella realized what it all meant, her head spun.

How could she follow her career and be the wife of Clayton Mackenzie?

How could she live without her career?

How could she live without Clayton Mackenzie?

Vijardi was singing Brunhilde that night. It was her best role. She not only sang Brunhilde, but in the minds of millions she was Brunhilde.

Ordinarily, during the half dozen hours before going on in such an opus Vijardi would have seen no one. But Isabella had entree at any time.

The hugging, effusing and welcoming over, Isabella told her tremblingly of Clayton Mackenzie. Vijardi opened her eyes wide. What was this? The girl could think of a man—at this time?

"H'm—bring him to me," she commanded, "to the dressing room. I never see anyone there, but this time I will."

Isabella summoned him.

The great Vijardi looked him over keenly.

"So," she said, "you want to marry this child?"

"I will," he replied, not with bravado, but with determination.

"You realize she cannot go with you out in that ridiculous wilderness where you do your work—she cannot."

"She will," he answered, softly but firmly.

"Don't be preposterous! This child is a genius. No one but God can make one, and no one but God can destroy one."

"I don't wish to destroy her genius. She can sing—for me—out there where I will make a living for her."

"Nonsense! What is your living? A few hundred dollars a month—"

"Not yet; but I hope to rise—"

"And her possibilities are tremendous—unlimited—even if you talk only of the money, which is the least consideration."

"I can imagine no higher career for a woman than to be the wife of the man she loves, and who loves her—and be the mother of his children."

"Fine! In New York—Chicago—Buenos Aires—London—Milan—Monte Carlo—but not out in the woods."

"If her husband is in the woods that is where her career is."

"Not if she has the artiste's soul. She has natural cravings like other women, too, but she has individual cravings—accomplishment, achievement, expression of what burns within her—yes, and vulgar applause, she feeds on it, she hungers for it. Can she have those in the woods?"

"She can have other things to compensate—nature, duty, honest toil—womanhood!"

"An artiste can be a woman—and a woman can be an artiste—but an artiste cannot be a—a housekeeper!"

"My wife can. And Isabella will be my wife."

They kept this up until Vijardi lost patience. She turned on the girl and cried:

"He doesn't love you. If he did he wouldn't think of asking such an unheard of sacrifice. How can you love him when he does?"

She bit her lip and hesitated.

"Tell her," said Mackenzie, gently. "Tell her—I will stand on your answer. After what I have told you must be—do you love me?"

The tears sprang to her big, black eyes. Her rounded little body quivered.

"Yes," she sobbed; "I love you!"

Vijardi sat in deep thought, her mouth drawn, her eyes down.

Her hands mechanically went through the operations of the make-up.

She broke the silence—with a sigh. From the immortal throat of Vijardi came a sigh, and even it was musical—and even it was a super-sigh.

She turned.

"Listen, my children," she said, in her low, melodious voice. "Twenty years ago, in Trieste, I was a young girl, a student in a small musical school. I had not come as far toward achievement of my ambitions as you, Isabella, but my hopes were as far as the blue skies above that glorious region.

"Nothing was further from my mind than men—least of all, marriage.

"But I, too, without asking, without wanting, met a man. He was a sailor, the young captain of a trading ship, which journeyed 'round the world—sailed away for years at a time. Trieste is an ancient port, and its men are seafarers.

"I loved him as—as you love your man, Isabella.

"And he loved me—as he loves you.

"He begged me to marry him. I would have, if I knew I would never see him again. But he refused that. He wanted a mate—he wanted me—not for a while, for always—always with him, at his side, part of him, part of every part of him.

"My body cried and my soul shrieked for him. But I had come of a family of artists. To us the opera was inviolable—beyond anything earthly or even divine. I could not—I could not.

"And so, he being a man, with bleeding heart he turned away. Our farewell was tragic beyond any that the greatest opera creator has ever given the world. But we parted. He sailed away. I went back to my school.

"For months I was in a daze. The pain in my heart gnawed. I wept myself skinny. My voice faltered. But—time is time—and in time I came back, what was left of me, and went on. I realized all my desires—even beyond my own expectations.

"I have been married twice. I have known the love of many men—great men—fascinating men—fine men—electric men.

"I am Vijardi!

"And I am the most unhappy woman in the world!

"I envy the fat waddling Italian women, wives of street laborers, who nurse their dirty brats and wait on the sidewalks for their soiled men to come home.

"I—I—Vijardi!—to whom millions kowtow, who hears in her ears the huzzahs and handclaps of strangers, from the greatest to the poorest, has never been a wife—has never been a wife to any man, though she has had two husbands. She could have been—but she refused.

"The great Vijardi has had lovers. The great Vijardi has never loved. Once, long—oh, so long—ago, Victoria Vijardi loved. It was in Trieste. She loved—but not enough!

"Through many bitter nights, with the plaudits still ringing in her ears, in her luxurious bed where servants have prepared against every possible unpleasantness—except the grief in her heart—she has sobbed on her linen pillow, she has wept on her silken coverings.

"She has thought of a man—out there, somewhere—standing on his drawbridge, scanning a far horizon—thinking—maybe—of a girl—twenty years ago—in Trieste; a girl he perhaps knows is the great Vijardi now. Great! Oh, what irony! Great!"

The prima donna broke down.

Isabella came behind her, embraced and kissed her and sought to console her. At last the proud star shook her off.

"I am sorry," she said. "I have never before spoken of that episode. I have never ceased thinking of it and I have never breathed to a human being one word about it.

"I am glad that I told you. I want you to remember it as long as you live.

"Grand opera is, as I have said, not of this earth. It is of the high beyond. But, luckless, we who give it and try to live it, are of this earth. We are born humans. And within us are the everlasting impulses of the flesh and the blood of our forefathers and our foremothers.

"There is no race on earth, no sect and no class, immuned from the inborn urges of Adam and Eve. We can refine ourselves, we can have certain traits that take us far away and beyond our brothers and sisters, but something from within always drags us back—for we are but people, born to be and to die but people!

"We all must love and we all must have love. And, God, who makes us as we are, pity those who are denied!

"We may forget, but we cannot eradicate. We may find distraction, but we must come back. As we grow older the need, instead of growing dimmer, becomes more powerful—the demand more insistent.

"Isabella, my darling, I, who have been your idol, has been the most miserable human woman you have ever known.

"Come here, honey . . . do you love this boy enough to give up everything else for him? To cleave to him, to be part of him, part of every part of him—for years and years and years, through hardships and trials and denials and sacrifices?"

The girl nodded vehemently.

"And you, my boy—will you remember what this lovely child gave up for you—for you! More than millions, more than mansions, more than power—for with all that I have said, the greatest estate on this strange whirling ball is that of an artist in the opera.

It means more than being a queen. There is nothing to compare with it that woman can make of herself—by herself!

"That she is willing to renounce for you to be with you out of civilization—to be your wife—to be the wife of a woodsman, in his cabin, in his boat . . . is your love for her worth it?"

"It is worth anything, madame—everything!"

The little spics in New Mexico, whenever the Mackenzies get close enough to other people so that their little daughter can find playmates, have a hard time calling the child by name. "Vijardi" is hard to pronounce.

"I, Who Have Been Your Idol, Have Been the Most Miserable Woman in the World!"

She Was Playing Brunhilde That Night

Applause—Artistes Live for It—

"Our Farewell Was an Unwritten Tragedy"

Aeneas Club Members Listen to a Distinguished Guest

By R. K. HALL

A FEW weeks ago I made my first public speech, and, all in all, it was a good deal easier than I expected. The only ill-effects I suffered were a loss of a little over seven pounds in weight, one hundred and thirteen additional hairs turned grey, a skinned knee, and a slight feeling of nausea that wore off late the following day.

Previous to this occasion I had never spoken at any length in public. However, I had at different times risen to say "I second the motion" or "I move that we adjourn," and the glibness, the self-assurance, the tonal effects I invariably achieved, undid me, so to speak.

I got the idea that, if necessary, I could mount a platform and express myself with force and fluency. And so, when the president of the well-known Aeneas Club rang me up one evening and invited me to address his association at its next monthly meeting, I was in a sense already half hooked.

"But I'm no public speaker," I replied immediately. (That objection is always expected; if it were not forthcoming, any club president worth his salt would find some pretext for withdrawing the invitation at once).

"Nonsense!" retorted the president (just as I was confident he would).

"Well," I said, with a shade less finality, "before I make a decision, I'd like to know what I'm expected to talk about."

"That," laughed the president, "makes no difference to us. Talk about anything you like—as long as its humorous. Talk about Canadian art, Mussolini, the war in Chicago, or the best way to eat grapefruit. Only be sure to make it funny."

I shall not try to disguise the fact that I was distinctly flattered at being invited to address so distinguished a body as the Aeneas Club was reputed to be. If any of my friends didn't hear, within a week, of the honor that had been done me, it was either because they were not within the reach of telephone, telegraph or postman.

By the time the notable evening arrived, I knew that speech so well that I could have delivered it backwards or either way beginning in the middle. And this remained true until, shortly after nine o'clock, I found myself mounting the platform and taking up a position to the left of a small table on which stood a pitcher of water and a glass, and slightly to the right and in front of the president.

Below me was a great semi-circular mass of white faces, all lifted at an expectant angle. As I looked down upon them, a most peculiar thing happened. Individual features vanished, and all I could see was a shifting yeasty pool that it rather sickened me to contemplate. My knees lost their strength and threatened to buckle. I grasped the table.

A great silence hung over the hall. If you could take the abysmal silence at a funeral service just before the minister begins to speak, and the silence in a bank vault at midnight, add them together and multiply by ten, you would get something that would sound like an uproar compared to the silence that engulfed me then on that platform.

Clearing my throat croupily, I opened my lips to begin. It was then I realised that I wasn't ready to begin. I had forgotten my speech. Every word of it was gone. Even the subject had vanished.

"Mr. President and gentlemen—" I began. Was that thin, scared voice mine? Impossible! My tone, when I rose to say "I second the motion," was always deep, firm, splendidly inflected.

"Mr. President and gentlemen—" I repeated. Worse and worse! I doubted whether even the front row could have heard that hoarse whisper. In strangled but more audible accents I went on, breathing more heavily between instalments:

"It is a great privilege—great privilege to be allowed to—ah—to address your club this evening—this evening. I assure you it is a great privilege—a very great privilege, I assure you."

Like a man who has fallen out of a ten-story window and clutches at a passing telegraph wire, I drew the water pitcher toward me and reached for the glass. In my nervousness I let it slip from my fingers. It rolled toward the table edge. Grabbing frantically, I missed it by a finger nail. It thumped upon the floor and, unbroken, rolled diagonally across the platform toward the audience. Plunging around the table, I fell on it, but it eluded me again. I saw it disappear over the edge of the platform and heard a splintering crash below.

"Go right ahead! Go right ahead!" the president whispered, as he helped me up. "I'll have another glass here in a minute." He vanished through a rear door.

I was all alone on the platform now. Even the moral support of the chairman was temporarily withdrawn. Having dusted off my sleeves and trousers, I recommenced.

"Mr. President and gentlemen—" When it was too late, I remembered that the president was no longer an auditor. What the dickens was keeping the man? Was he collecting a gross of tumblers? "Perhaps," I corrected myself, "I had better omit the 'Mr. President,' since he has gone out to get a glass—" A titter began somewhere at the rear and spread swiftly over the assemblage, swelling to a hearty laugh.

"Well, then, gentlemen," I proceeded, more rattled than ever, "let me assure you once more—once more that it is a great privilege—a very great privilege indeed—to have the pleasure of addressing you here this evening. And as your president has—ah—very kindly given me permission—that is, has left it to me to—ah—choose my own subject, I shall tell you very briefly the story of my—ah—life."

I stopped aghast. That wasn't the subject I had prepared at all. What the original subject was I had entirely forgotten.

"I was born," I croaked despairingly, "at—at a very early age——"

A roar of laughter greeted this halting assertion.

In my agitation I plunged my arm almost up to the elbow into the forgotten pitcher of water.

The roar of laughter took on fresh life, swept up an octave or two. The house was convulsed.

In the midst of it all, a policeman appeared at the back of the auditorium and spoke to a member, who hurried over to an officer of the club. The latter came swiftly up to the platform, apologised for interrupting, and then announced gravely that the president, in crossing the street outside to procure a glass at a nearby store, had been struck down by a motor car.

Then I came into my own. My brain cleared miraculously. I was completely master of myself once more. Glibly, assuredly and resonantly, I drew myself up and said, "Gentlemen, I move we adjourn this meeting."

The odd part of it is that, a few days later, when the president was well on the road to recovery, I received a little note from the secretary of the Aeneas Club. In part it ran:

"It is the unanimous feeling of our club that your delightful speech, short as it unfortunately had to be, was by far the most entertaining we have been privileged to listen to in a long time. It was, in fact, a knockout. On behalf of the members, I extend to you a most cordial invitation to return to us at your earliest convenience and give us the rest of the excellent humorous fare that you had prepared."

Was . . . Watch me!

Develops His Artistic Taste and Bosses Woolen Mill

A LONG, lean young man unfolded himself from the little gilt chair where he had been sitting, elbows on knees, stood up and boomed a welcome in a deep-sea voice In the room around him were hung hundreds of drawings and water colors of ships, some in sketches, some in silhouette effects, some in lovely nuances of color. In all of them ships disported themselves in calm and squally weather. For two weeks these pictures of his had been on exhibition in Montreal and he was both weary and bewildered with the commotion they had aroused. For he was not, in the usual sense of the word, an artist. As a matter of fact, he runs a woolen mill in Thurso, up on the Ottawa River. Painting has been a hobby of his. Now he found that his hobby was threatening to make him famous and that his mill must learn to get along with a good deal less of his time. He had been plonged overnight into the business of selling his pictures, lecturing about them and writing a book to go with them.

GEO. CUTHBERTSON

The young man is George Cuthbertson, to whom the breath of life and the love of ships seem to have arrived together. Naturally intent by nature, even as a child he threw himself into his amusement with the same wholeheartedness that he had since put into his painting and his woolen mill.

Wise parents encouraged him to follow his own bent. He sketched and painted faithfully, he listened to tales of the lakes and the seas, he haunted the docks, alone and in company with his father. Travelling abroad, he was allowed to wander alone in the big cities of the Old Land. At fourteen he tramped the streets and quays of London, full of curiosity, of wonder, of delight. At fifteen he was sent to the Royal Military College, Kingston, and there, close beside the lake, he first decided to write a history of the ships that had come and gone upon the sweet, fresh waters of the lakes and rivers since the days of the red men. He went on painting ships, but when he asked for instruction in marine painting a great artist told him that the only way to paint the sea was to paint it. No one could teach him how to do it. The war was on and one day the boy was talking to an old friend, Frederick William Wallace, about enlisting. He suggested the Canadian navy: It was a new idea. But within twenty-four hours George Cuthbertson was the youngest commissioned officer in the Canadian fleet—he was just seventeen.

Then followed two years in trawlers and mine sweepers, mine layers and submarine chasers. And all the while he studied the sea and painted it, studied ships and sketched them. When rare and precious days of leave came to him he went as straight as a torpedo to naval museums in London and admiralty record rooms and dug for odd facts and authentic details of building and sailing of ships.

When he came home the little mill at Thurso, on the Ottawa River, fell to his lot. He was far from his beloved lakes, but he was close to the Canadian archives There his lean, concentrated face became familiar. With his notebooks full of facts and sketches he went back to Thurso and there, for an hour or two before he had to be at the mill at seven, he painted and sketched in the early morning light. When things went wrong at the mill he came home at night and wiped out the worries of the day by painting, against all accepted theories, by artificial light.

George Cuthbertson is an unusual and interesting type, capable of intense concentration, tireless in the pursuit of details, naturally gifted with his brush, a rare combination of artist and student and practical historian.

Old-Timer Exemplifies Western Generosity In Hero Worship

IN the collection of funds for the famous Canadian Memorial Chapel at Vancouver, representative men were selected from each of the provinces and asked for a subscription, each of a specified amount. In Alberta subscriptions from ten of the representative men of the northern part of the province had been obtained, and for the southern part of the province the collector was advised to obtain his list from the best-known old-timer in the province.

The old-timer drew up the list and was carefully scrutinizing it for corrections. Suddenly he took a pencil and ran down the list, jotting down check marks after some of the names.

"Here's a remarkable thing," said the old-timer

"What is that, sir?"

"Nine of the ten are dead."

"Well we could hardly ."

"But it makes no difference," interrupted the old-timer. "No list of representative men from this province could be complete without them."

The old-timer took his cheque book and wrote out a cheque for a thousand dollars

"See," he said, "that those nine names are on the list."

So it happened that the Alberta plaque of contributors bears the names of nine men long since pioneering a new world. Among them are those of Father Lacombe and Dr. McDougall.

The old-timer was Pat Burns.

Waiting His Turn

The Irish emigrant just landed in New York was making his way into the city when he was halted at a busy crossing. Interestedly he watched the traffic policeman. Every now and again the latter would hold up the traffic and call out "Pedestrians," but the successive rushes across the street always left the Irishman behind. Once more the policeman shifted his position and shouted "Pedestrians!" "If that doesn't beat everything!" muttered Murphy. "Hey, mister!" he yelled to the policeman, "when are ye goin' to let some Irish across?"

Fuad's Serio-Comic Reception

By ALBIN E. JOHNSON

AS a general rule the placidity of Geneva is scarcely ever ruffled by the comings and goings of the great and near-great. A Briand, Stresemann or Chamberlain is commonplace Poincaire and MacDonald will hardly draw a crowd, and Einstein, Bergson or "G.B.S." pass as unnoticed as do Messrs. Litvinoff and Lunatscharsky, who, according to the Swiss press, should exude hell-fire and brimstone over the country as they pass. Ten years of the League of Nations has become ultra-blase to celebrities.

But a third-rate king came to the city the other day and the staid and dignified League of Nations hasn't been the same since. Unused to royalty the experience went to the secretariat's head. Fuad the First, of Egypt, who rules by the grace of the guardian angel of political exigencies and the benevolence of the Empire Britannique was in Switzerland seeking surcease from the burning suns of Cairo. He decided to visit the secretariat and word to that effect was conveyed to the proper authorities.

At the Hotel National, which houses the League's organization pending the erection of a palace of peace, the news caused consternation. Sir Eric Drummond, the chief, was away—at Le Touquet playing golf and enjoying a well-needed vacation after the ardors of the Madrid council and administrative labors. To Sir Eric, seasoned veteran of the British Foreign Service and participant in many an official levee at Windsor and Buckingham, the job would probably have presented no great difficulties. Particularly as Fuad the First, to the British mind is merely a "functionaire of the Foreign Office." (Quoting the words of an irate British correspondent who was barred from the receiving line because of his chequered plus-fours of fancy greys.) Carrying-on during the interim were M. Avenol, a Frenchman, an Albert Dufour-Feronce German, both under-secretaries. By precedent Avenol outranks his colleagues so naturally he was called upon to preside at the council on procedure.

Perhaps not in years has so delicate a problem perturbed the administrative machinery of the League. The tempestuous question of staff regulations, social preference and even "moral turpitude"—delicately broached some time ago when an indiscreet stenographer with Bohemian tendencies appeared stockingless for duty on an excruciatingly hot day—all faded into insignificance.

A king was coming to Geneva—not only a king, but the ruler of a country which was as yet a non-member of the League. Had the visitor been a Trotsky, or a Borah or a Sun Yat Sen, it might have been easier. They could have been received as equals, with a shake of the hand and the French equivalent of how-do-you-do! But with a king, and especially an Egyptian king, it was somewhat different.

The first insuperable difficulty was a throne. No king ever received without a throne, and after all the king was going to "receive" the members of the secretariat. The League property man, an American, was appealed to. He had plenty of chairs—red plush, green biased and ordinary chairs. The ornate seats of the president of the council or the chairman of the assembly were available. But after running through the inventory of the secretariat and appealing to Geneva's museums and antique dealers, nothing that remotely resembled an Oriental potentate's throne was to be found. The hallowed pulpit of Calvin and Knox obviously would not do—the historic wicker-bottom seat that once supported Napoleon likewise was physically inappropriate. Fuad is rather inclined towards good living.

King Fuad of Egypt

But if it is anything at all the League is resourceful—even when it comes to dealing with things outside its ken. Political expediency has been a stern teacher. So red plush was brought into the picture!

The King of the Egyptians perhaps was prepared for any eventualities when he arrived from Berne. At the Swiss capital the official reception had been all but ruined when overzealous gendarmes, in dress parade regalia, charged across the line of march with batons and drawn sabres in an effort to efface from the picture two romping dachshunds. An indiscreet journalist then had complicated matters by being mistaken for a dangerous character.

M. Avenol welcomed King Fuad in the council hall—a glass enclosed room appropriately known as the aquarium or goldfish bowl. Royalty obviously was ill at ease . . so were his hosts. Discreetly someone beckoned His Majesty towards the "throne" in the centre of the slightly raised platform. Gingerly he seated himself and the master of ceremonies, M Avenol, began. At the close of the perfunctory speech, which paid lip-service to the ruler of the descendants "of that ancient and glorious civilization" that was Egypt's, Fuad arose. Nervously he fingered a small typewritten page. Falteringly he read it through; "Egypt, too, subscribes to the ideals of the great institution which is to bring about the universal brotherhood of man, eliminate injustices and oppression from the world—my country will always, sympathetically and whole-heartedly, co-operate—whenever she is invited—with its labors."

Then he carefully tucked away the manuscript. It might come in useful a bit later when he visited the international labor office

The formal procedure was over—but informality proved equally as difficult for the secretariat officials who had taken time off for the event. An embarrassing silence and more embarrassing inactivity—an underling saved the day by stepping forward to shake hands with the king. Others followed. Obviously one was of Junker extraction. His heels clicked as he bowed low over His Majesty's extended hand—Fuad's pudgy palm again started out as a woman member of the secretariat approached. However, she knew her lines—like Sir Eric, she was a veteran of London levees—and, ignoring it, she curtsied low before the king The precedent almost proved disastrous for the feminine contingent that followed. Curtseying before royalty is a gesture that cannot be learned offhand, even by the most adept.

Inside the goldfish bowl the marionettes performed. Outside prevailed anything but the "atmosphere of Geneva." The edict passed out by M. Dufour-Feronce that newspapermen "will be permitted" to participate in the ceremony in itself touched the susceptibilities of the sensitive press. When the pronunciamento added that the scribes must appear in "dark suits or formal attire," it almost broke up the show. To cap the climax a League usher was undiplomatic enough to jostle a member of the information section and a belligerent British correspondent behind closed doors when His Majesty passed "in order that their Summer greys might not inject discordant notes" into the sombre color schemes.

The king departed and the secretarial breathed a sigh of relief—and the buzzing of gossip among the stenographers began.

Over at the international labor office they are simple people. They invited Fuad to sign their golden book and showed him around the place.

Mistaken Identity Put Principal of Queen's $5.00 Ahead

AT a banquet which closed the last provincial convention of the Canadian Legion Dr. R. Bruce Taylor, president of Queen's University and one of the guests of honor at the banquet turned to Sir Richard Turner bowed low and thanked Sir Richard for having once saved him five dollars.

PRINCIPAL TAYLOR

Sir Richard, looking somewhat surprised, acknowledged the thanks, whereupon Dr. Taylor proceeded to explain.

"I had to visit Ottawa on short notice some time ago and arrived in the hotel without having made a reservation. When I approached the desk the clerk informed me that they were filled up

"I continued to question him as to whether there wasn't a possibility of finding a room for me, but he repeated his regrets that he could do nothing

"Dejected, I was turning away when a gentleman who had been standing nearby and who had overheard the conversation broke in, 'Oh, I say, that's too bad. You must let me fix you up. I have a suite to myself and would be only too glad to let you have a room with me'

"I demurred, though weakly, and when he pressed me, allowed the boy to precede me to the number that had been given him by the gentleman whose acquaintance I had not yet had the honor to make.

"I proceeded to make myself at home, awaiting the arrival of my host. He came in shortly, looked at me in a sort of surprised fashion and exclaimed, 'Why, you're not Sir Richard Turner, are you?'

"With sinking heart I assured him that I wasn't, that I was only J. Bruce Taylor, of Queen's, and began to think that I was going to be out of luck, after all.

"However, he took it as a good joke on himself and insisted that I remain as his guest. We got well acquainted in a few minutes and have often enjoyed a good laugh over the incident since

"So you see, Sir Richard," concluded Dr. Taylor, as he sat down amidst the laughter that followed the story, "that's how I come to owe you five dollars, and what's more, I'm going to continue to owe it to you."

A Practical Joke

Harem Lady—Is it true that you murdered your last four wives?

Sultan—No; they were just victims of a practical choker.

Secrecy Surrounds Red Rulers of Russia In Kremlin

WHAT goes on in the Kremlin has become a closed book of mystery to most of Russia and all the rest of the world.

All except a few men in the little group of Communists who hold the nation in their grip live within its walls. The fortress of Moscow has become the fortress of Communism, and only a few persons can enter the gates.

Of what sort are the men who live with their families in the Kremlin, in the old palace of the Czar and the houses that once sheltered his courtiers and his guards?

What do these men do with their evenings? How do they amuse themselves? What are their habits at work and at play? What are their tastes, their caprices, hobbies, failings? The world would like to know, perhaps, but it can't find out.

The light of publicity that beats upon thrones, on presidents, on oil kings and actors in the Western world is very, very dim in Russia Its rays do not penetrate the guarded Kremlin at all, for the men who live there control the press and have the power to silence a wagging tongue.

Of one high official it is gossiped that he likes liquor inordinately; of another that he goes several times a week with his cronies to one of the aristocratic country homes near Moscow, now a recreation centre for the higher-ups, and there enjoys drinking bouts that are not particularly proletarian, and that is about all.

Of Stalin, the real ruler of the country—although his post is in the Communist Party and not in the Government at all—hardly anything personal is heard or said. He remains out of sight

Stalin's office is in a building of steel-grey color, and his home inside the Kremlin walls. He has a wife and two children. Several commissars also have their wives and children with them in the Kremlin. They come and go, as do high military officers and others of importance, in American and British cars.

They are never dressed as other men one sees elsewhere in such expensive cars, but almost always in unpressed clothes, soft collar, usually colored, and a cap. Hats are bourgeois, they say in Red Russia

Some of the little children who live within the Kremlin have French and German governesses, teaching them foreign tongues, just as the children of the aristocrats used to have.

How do their fathers provide such things when no Communist is allowed to have a salary of more than 225 rubles $112.50 a month?

Well, that is just another one of the Kremlin's many mysteries

Visitor—Is this village lighted by electricity?
Native—Sometimes.
Visitor—Sometimes? What do you mean?
Native—During thunderstorms 'tis.

Superintendent of V.O.N. Found That Silence Was Golden

MISS Elizabeth Smellie, of Ottawa, chief superintendent of the Victorian Order of Nurses for Canada, has met with many amusing experiences during the course of her work

One of these is her first experience with a reporter after becoming chief superintendent in 1924

MISS E. SMELLIE

After being in office only about a month she paid a visit to an Eastern city. Her president had warned her that it would be impossible to immediately understand all the situations she met with during the first month or so, and to take her time in gathering up the threads.

"Coming out of the hotel dining-room after breakfast," she said, "two newspaper reporters descended upon me, representing rival papers."

They both requested a photograph, but Miss Smellie, not being accustomed to carrying one with her, could not oblige. Nothing daunted, they in turn led her to a photographer

Next it was her fate to be interviewed The reporter asked her opinion on a debate subject held the day previously at a women's meeting. One angle of this subject, he stated, might well be considered a nurse's problem.

Never having thought about the matter before, and not knowing the viewpoint held by her administration, Miss Smellie was rather panic-stricken, and declined to make any remarks about it

That evening her picture (a most pathetic one, as it happened) was prominently displayed on the front page of the paper To Miss Smellie's great amazement, below the picture she read. "She refused to discuss the matter, but it was quite evident from her expression that she had definite ideas on the subject." Miss Smellie had been unaware that she could look so very intelligent when having no ideas on the subject!

"To this day I do not know which way I looked," she smiled "But it taught me a lesson. Since that time I have tried always to have something definite to say!"

Jonah and Job

There was one man in the club whom all the other members tried their best to avoid whenever they saw him coming Wet or fine, warm or cold, this particular man always found something to grumble about His father was a farmer One evening he was holding forth as usual about his bad luck. "I'm a Jonah and a Job rolled into one" he snarled bitterly. "Only I don't happen to possess the patience of Job." "Never mind, old man," murmured his victim preparing to make his departure, "you still got Jonah's wail."

Story of Goliath and David Had Dire Comeback

TO the tasks and problems of authorship, Arthur Stringer, who recently revisited his native Canada, has added the cares of a growing family. In sex, all three children take after their father, and though Arthur Junior, the youngest of the trio, at fourteen months has not reached the destructive stage, the older boys, Bob and Barney, have already made their unmistakable mark on the Stringer home at Mountain Lakes, New Jersey.

From all accounts, Barney is exceptionally active So much so that the father decided for his own good and that of the community the boy should attend Sunday school.

Barney didn't want to go.

The novelist, however, believes in a reasonable amount of discipline So young Barney, albeit very reluctantly, went to Sunday school.

It so happened that the first lesson was on David and Goliath. Barney was immensely intrigued with the story of the Israelite boy who slew the giant of the Philistines with a stone from a sling When he came home, he could talk of nothing else

Stringer was delighted at this early evidence of the beneficial influence of Sunday school training on his son

Among Stringer's prized possessions has been, for some years, a genuine English pigskin trunk. He picked it up at an auction where other bidders happily failed to recognise its true value Such an article is, veritably, the aristocrat of the trunk family, and while Arthur continued to write poetry, novels and movie scenarios, the English pigskin trunk reposed in the trunk room of the attic, awaiting the glad day when it should accompany Arthur on a tour of Europe.

That was before Barney went—reluctantly—to Sunday school and was intrigued by the story of David and Goliath.

A few days later Arthur found his second son diligently fashioning something. That was nothing new, for Barney seems to be a born artisan. But the "something" had a suspicious, not to say alarming, look

The novelist investigated.

Inquiry disclosed that Barney was fashioning a sling He had taken the elk laces out of his father's golfing shoes for strings and for a pouch had cut a big piece out of his father's most comfortable shoes.

The pouch, however, wasn't big enough to throw a stone that would kill a giant. So Barney had made a rush trip to the trunk room, and returned with a pouch that was big enough, strong enough and enduring enough to hurl stones against all the giants from Goliath to Cormoran.

The new and bigger pouch was cut out of the side of the treasured English pigskin trunk.

"Use Odd Figures," Says Hanna, "They Won't Be Quoted"

BECAUSE of the long drought on the prairies this year there has been a big discrepancy in the various professional estimates of the wheat crop. Revisions have been so many and so frequent that no one except a trained statistician could possibly hope to keep track. One thing, however, all prophets were agreed: the crop was bound to be much smaller than usual Taking the average of the past seven years, Canada's wheat crop is about 400,000,000 bushels, in round figures.

D. B. HANNA

The wise men who make an estimate for public edification, however, fight shy of round figures Among these must be mentioned Mr. David B. Hanna, former president of the Canadian National Railways, later chairman of the Ontario Government Liquor Control Board, and now president of the Western Canada Flour Mills, Ltd.

While on his annual tour of inspection to the Western branches of his company Mr Hanna was frequently asked for his estimate of the wheat crop. His invariable answer was that this should be around 298,743,856 bushels

"Why don't you say 300,000,000 bushels and have done with it?" one of his traveling companions asked "It's easier to remember."

"That's just my objection to it," said Mr Hanna. "When I say '298,743,856 bushels' that sounds like a carefully considered and impressive answer such as one would expect from a man who has heavy investments in flour. Nobody can possibly remember that combination five minutes after hearing or reading it, and so my guess won't be held against me next November if I'm proved to have been hopelessly wrong But if I said '300,000,000 bushels' and I ['t that to the last peck, my reputation veracity would be utterly ruined . . . If you would be a prophet not without honor in your own country, fight shy of round figures. They stick too well in the memory."

Wise as Serpents and Perhaps Harmless As Doves

THE modern girl does not love in the same way as her grandmother did! In her grandmother's time it was simple for girls to build around their men friends a wonderful atmosphere of romance—an atmosphere which even Dundreary whiskers and other hirsute appendages failed to disperse. Because, in those days, girls knew very little of men they met under the eyes of a careful chaperon.

The modern girl knows everything about love and men. She does not need to guess, to build little romances about her hero, only to have them destroyed by the passing years She is able to make a true valuation of man, and is, therefore, better able to estimate his virtues and to forgive his faults.

The modern girl can give a great deal more than the girl of a decade ago. She can give a companionship which is, perhaps, the most important part of love, and still more important, she can hold a man where her grandmother would lose him.

And when she does fall in love today, it is usually because she loves and not because she thinks she loves, or because she has built some wonderful figure of dreams in the place of a man possessing all the failings in which man has specialized since Adam delved.

The modern girl is entitled to be judged on what she is and does today. She has developed in all directions: mentally and physically she is worth three girls of fifty years ago, and her heart is as tender as ever.

"What Is a Gentleman?"

THE Yorkshire Evening News has asked its readers to reply to the above question. Here are some of the definitions sent in:

"The soldier in the ranks of chivalry

"One who can be gentle, remain a man and never be conscious that he is being either.

"A gentleman is a courteous nobleman in any station of life.

"A gentleman is a man who is a man and never forgets it

"A man with a heart bigger than his banking account.

"One who respects on the surface the pretensions of others—while reserving private judgment

"One who is straight, fearless for the right, true to himself, honorable. One who regards and treats with kindness old people and children and, what is more difficult, is considerate for old frumps

"He boasts not of his kindly deeds,
And thoughtful is of other's needs
He the weaker sex respects,
And overlooks his friend's defects.
His motto is, through life's short span,
To play the game and be a man'

"A gentleman is a man who honors all women; is courteous to everyone, irrespective of rank; and, being conscious of his own shortcomings, studiously refrains from mentioning his observances of the same failings in others

"A man who is in the van during the fight for right and in the rear when it comes to sharing the spoils.

"A gentleman is a person who prefers to be called a man

"A gentleman is a man who does a kind action and forgets it; if he receives one he always remembers it.

"One who can be pointed out with the remark 'That man is not what I am, but what I ought to be'

"'He is one from whom one may receive a favor without being made to repent of it.'—Sir Walter Scott.

"He is at ease with everybody and makes everybody at ease with him.

'Every honest man is a gentleman of nature."

It's getting so that a man without money is about as popular as a skyscraper without elevators.

A Page for Children

A Great Explorer's Boyhood

Sir Ernest Henry Shackleton

HOW many men have lost their lives or worn themselves to find out the secrets hidden within the Arctic and Antarctic regions? The North and the South Poles have been discovered and much of the desolate wastes around them mapped out. And yet brave men are seeking to make fresh discoveries. The courage that can face disappointment, the hope that no losses can quench, and faith in the Unseen, have filled the gallant hearts which since the time of Martin Frobisher have dared the fury of the Ice Gods.

In the twentieth century Ernest Henry Shackleton gave most of the years of his life to the work of Antarctic exploration. How he was prepared for his future calling we will try to find out, hoping that some of our readers will learn more of the man and his work from other sources.

A Native of Ireland

LIKE many famous men of modern times, Ernest Shackleton was born in Ireland. On his father's side his ancestors were Yorkshiremen who settled in the County of Kildare. At Balibore the Shackletons kept a boarding school. Though they were Quakers, boys from families of many denominations attended and the headmasters had friends among famous and learned men. One of these was the great statesman and orator, Edmund Burke. As the years went on the Quaker family left school teaching and became members of the Church of England. Ernest Shackleton's grandfather was a miller and landowner. His garden was one of the most beautiful in the country. His father, too, a graduate of Trinity College, had a farm of his own. His mother was an Irish lady, whose ancestors were bold, strong men.

Among the green fields and lovely gardens of their own and their grandfather's homes the little Shackletons, two boys and four girls, spent their childhood. It is only fifty-five years since Ernest Henry Shackleton was born at Kilrea on February 15, 1874. So you see that the great explorer did not live to be an old man, for he died on January 5, 1922, before he reached his forty-eighth birthday.

The Happy Childhood

LITTLE Ernest was a lovely baby with golden hair and blue eyes and was as good as all healthy babies should be. His father taught the little people to swim, to ride and to jump. The nurse took them out walking and Ernest earned the nickname of Mr. Lag because he was always stopping to see what he could find in the hedges and ditches along the way. One of his sisters afterwards remembered that the little boy loved her muff made of penguin skin and often borrowed it that he might stroke it.

There is another story that the child begged to be shut up in a cupboard during a thunderstorm. We shall see how thoroughly he conquered this fear. He did not like to be teased about the incident, however.

Like most children, Ernest loved music and would listen to his mother singing and playing with great delight. This was the beginning of that love of poetry which to the end of his life was the explorer's pleasure and solace.

Dublin Days

ERNEST was six years old when his father, a man of thirty-three, made up his mind to go back to Trinity College in Dublin to study medicine. Crops failed and he could not make a living for his growing family from his farm. So a new life began for the children. Here Ernest learned to love the sea and ships. He built boats in the garden and sought adventure by following the funeral processions when not watched. His governess told the children one day that Australia was on the other side of the world, and the seven-year-old boy set to work to dig through the garden to reach it. With the help of the older little folk a big hole was made before the landlord saw what was going on and a stop was put to the adventure. About the same time the children began to seek for buried treasure. The loss and the finding of his mother's ruby ring brought punishment to the leader of the band.

Three Rock Mountain, near Dublin, was a favorite place for picnics. Father and boys and girls went there on holidays and learned to climb and run down its steep sides. Stick your heels in and keep your heads up, the father would call, and often, we may be sure, were the words recalled as some almost insurmountable barrier rose before the explorer.

Love of Poetry

IT was in these Dublin days that in his bookloving home Shackleton's memory was trained. The little fellow learned to recite and to love poetry. All his life he added to the store which began with Macaulay's Lays, "Casabianca," "The Wreck of the Hesperus," "Ye Mariners of England," and many of Tennyson's poems. In later years his favorite was Browning.

When Ernest was nearly eleven the family had removed to Sydenham, near the Crystal Palace, in London, and Bruce Henry, now a strong lad, went to school. His Irish accent earned for him the nickname of "Mike," and Mike he was to his old schoolmates during the years to come.

Dulwich College

IF young Shackleton was not a dunce, he did little at school to show the great ability which he certainly possessed. At home he was a kind brother and an affectionate and dutiful son. He read everything he could find on Arctic and Antarctic exploration, but in school, though, on the whole, he was a good boy, liked by both masters and pupils, he did not excel in any of his studies. On the other hand, the lad was a good cricketer, played football well and excelled in gymnastics.

The Pirate Band

MIKE Shackleton, Arthur Griffiths, Ned Sharp and Chris Kay formed a secret society, and day after day played at hunting for hidden treasure. They found a hiding place in a wood near a railway and carried thither food and a number of other boyish treasures. Here Shackleton read or told stories of adventure. There were days when they should have been at school that hour hours of breathless excitement. We are not told, but can guess what happened when the plot was discovered and the culprits brought to the bar of justice. It was not the fashion in those days for headmasters to sympathize with or condone such schoolboy pranks.

A New Leaf

MEANWHILE Shackleton was growing tall and strong. His father, by knowledge, faithfulness and kindness had gained for himself a good practice. Nevertheless it was necessary for Henry to get ready to help not only himself but his brothers and sisters. His father wanted him to prepare to share in his practice. But the life of a physician had no attraction for the lad. He wanted to go to sea. His parents were wise enough to yield to his desire.

By the help of friends a place was found for him and his father gave three months' notice to Dulwich College. Then the boy who was near the foot of his class in his studies rose almost to the top. He realized now the value of the knowledge he had so long neglected, and his conduct improved greatly. "I hope that he will do well," the master wrote on his last report.

Yet the lad who read Hugh Miller's "Schools and Schoolmasters," and studied the "Life of a Scotch Naturalist," could have been no idler. The influence of his home had made him religious and he was an ardent teetotaler in the days before the influence of Father Matthew had waned.

A Word of Caution

IN one afternoon recently two little children were killed in Vancouver, struck down by automobiles. The little ones were too small to have been allowed out alone. It is hard to tell why a small child should ever be let out on a street unless watched by someone able to take care of it. Yet there is perhaps not an hour in the day that on such a busy street as Cook in this city small children are not left to cross the street as best they can. Surely lives are too precious to be risked so lightly.

In there in our public schools any systematic instruction given to the young children, or for that matter, to big boys and girls on the observance of the rules of the road. How many people who are not drivers of motor cars know which way a driver intends to turn at the intersection of two streets? How many children are taught that when on a paved sidewalk they should walk on it and that where there is none, they must walk on the side of the road facing a coming car as close to the curb as possible.

There ought to be near every school plain lines to show the crossings and the pupil who crosses elsewhere ought in some way to be shown that he is wrong. Reckless, heedless drivers are a menace to the community and there are far too many of them. But the boy or the girl, the man or the woman who does not take every reasonable precaution to keep out of the way of traffic is to blame whether accidents happen or not.

Some years ago the B. C. Electric Company instituted a campaign of Safety First among the schools with happy results. Would it not be worth while for the Automobile Club and those in charge of street traffic to take similar action? Human life, especially the lives of innocent children, is very precious.

Prizes for Poems on The Skylark

THE only place in Canada and on the Pacific Coast that the English skylark has made its home is in the neighborhood of Victoria. Either the bird was brought in 1903 and again in 1913 and here it makes its nest in the meadow grass, mounting from it skyward, singing his lovely song.

The Colonist thinks that the young people of Victoria and the Island might like to write a poem about the skylark and its song. Perhaps some of them have already written one. To encourage poetry and the love of the skylark and all birds, The Colonist offers four prizes, two for boys and two for girls, for poems on Victoria's own bird, the English skylark. The first prizes are five dollars and the seconds are copies of "Birds of Western Canada," a large beautifully illustrated book.

Follow these instructions: 1. The poem must be original and written by the person sending it. 2. Write on one side of the paper only. 3. Send it in on or before Saturday, November 2, to the Editor, Colonist, Page 4. Open to all boys and girls of seventeen years old and under. 5. The prize poems will belong to The Colonist and will be published.

The Colonist published two articles on the skylark last Summer, on June 16 and July 28, and will publish another in a week or two. The Public School Magazine for September also has an article by Dr. J. K. Unsworth. There is a mounted skylark in the Provincial Museum which, poor thing, was found frozen after last January's storm.

LITTLE TWO-EYES

By M. GENEVIEVE SILVESTER

MAKE-A-BOOK—Save the twelve pictures that tell this story to make a book. Cut them out and paste them on white paper. You will then have a complete story. Cut a cover from stiff paper and sew the pages of the book into it with a big, strong stitch.

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The next day the mother said, "Three-Eyes, go with Two-Eyes and if she sings you to sleep let one of your eyes stay awake and see what she is getting to eat.

Three-Eyes went, and about noon Two-Eyes said, "If you want me I will sing to you, Three-Eyes."

Three-Eyes kept one eye awake while her two eyes were asleep. Two-Eyes thought her fast asleep.

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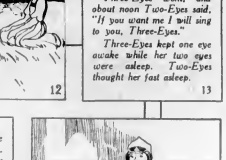

Two-Eyes called the little goat. And up came a beautiful table with lovely fried chicken and three kinds of ice cream and chocolate cake with icing an inch thick.

Three-Eyes saw it all. How good it looked! She told her mother all about it. And the mother killed the goat the very next day.

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Spinny, a Tale of a Sea Horse

By B. C.—Part I.

ONCE upon a time, not so long ago, a small sea horse named Spinny lived with his family in a large clump of sargassum weed in the Caribbean Sea. He was called Spinny because when a very wee horse he had almost been caught by a hungry fish, and it was only his quick wriggling and spinning that had saved him.

Many horses had their names in the weed patch so that it was generally known among the sea people as Sea Horse Lane. Every morning the little mothers carefully tied their babies to a strong clump while the bigger children anchored themselves to a stem by their quaint little tails and swayed back and forth with the current. Spinny, alas, had no mother, but his father looked after him so very well that he hardly missed her. All day the tiny fish played wonderful games of tag and hide and seek with his brothers and sisters, and when night came their father gathered them up and tucked them in his large front pocket, where they went fast asleep.

One bright sunny morning the father sea horse looked around his pink shell table and said, "My children, I must leave you." Twelve pairs of bright yellow eyes looked up from bowls of brown weed porridge, and twelve little voices cried at once, "Oh, Father . . . Just for today, I mean," added their parent. "You see, it is your great uncle Pipefish's birthday; I must take him a present, and it is quite a journey for one of my years. I want you to promise me to be good and keep away from the deep, clear water. You, Spinny, are the eldest, so I shall expect you to look after the babies."

After the anemone bowls were washed and the house was tidied, he kissed each child good-bye and sped off across the sea.

"What fun," cried the children. "Let's have a holiday and not go to school."

"But Father said," began Spinny

"Oh, Spinny, don't spoil it," exclaimed the others. "Just this once. It's such a lovely day; let's go and tell Miss Spike."

Quick as a flash they all swam off, two doors down and around the corner to a little grey weed house with a sign above which read "Select Sea School," and underneath, "Amelia Spike, Mistress." Miss Spike met them at the door.

"You are very early, children," she said.

"Oh, but we're not coming, they explained breathlessly. "At least, if you don't mind, we would like a holiday"; and they told of their father's absence. Their teacher smiled. "Well, swim away, then; but I shall have to give you an extra lesson in tail twisting tomorrow.

"Play tag," said the brilliant one. "You're it," he cried, tagging his sister, who was little bigger than he was, and she tagged her brother, who was a little bigger than she was, and so on until, last of all, Spinny was tagged, and because he was the very biggest, he let the others have a splendid start and then swam after them like a whirlwind.

When they had played all the games they knew, they curled up in some weed to rest.

Suddenly Spinny sprang up. "I know a splendid game," he exclaimed. "Let's go sailing."

"But we have no sails."

"We'll make some! You know—weed ones. Half of us can have brown ones and the other half green, and we'll have a race, one color against the other." He stopped, rather out of breath, and the others cried:

"We will. Oh, we certainly will," as they dashed off to find sails.

Soon they were ready and swam in line while Spinny counted up as far as he could and then said "Go." In a loud voice. Away they sped, laughing and calling. An attitude breeze was wandering over the water, and seeing the odd wee pieces of weed, went nearer. His breath made the sails go much too fast for the horses, and one by one they dropped them all, except Spinny, who clung to his, thrilled with speed, never realizing he was going on and on, faster and faster, out over the deep, clear water. At last he became frightened and dropped his sail, but still sped on.

"Oh-h-h," he cried. "A current must have got me and I shall never be able to get home. Oh, dear," and he wept bitterly.

The sun slipped to bed under a coverlet of pinkish clouds and a young moon looked out of his sky window, and still Spinny passed frightened and miserable further and further away from Sea Horse Lane.

Jerry had had his first term at boarding school, and while he was on holiday his uncle visited the family.

"Hello, Jerry!" said Uncle. "How do you like your Form Master?"

"He's not too bad, Uncle," replied Jerry. "Rather bigoted, though."

"How so?"

"He will insist that words can only be spelled his way."

Something for You to Do

By Dale R. Van Horn

CROSS-COUNTRY TOP CONTEST

CUT out a sheet of cardboard that is fourteen inches wide and twenty inches long. Upon this trace a map of the United States or Canada, covering most of the sheet. Mark a circle in the centre of the map, making it four inches in diameter. Around this circle mark a division six inches square, and on each side of the square mark divisions as shown, each being four inches wide and six inches long. The divisions are given numerals from "1" to "14," these being scattered well over the map. The circle and central square are not given a numeral. Make all markings in black ink.

Whittle out a top from a spool, sawed into halves—whittling down the end of one-half to a cone and inserting a pencil stub through the opening. Use only a very soft-leaded pencil, with the point exposed a quarter of an inch at the base of the top.

The players take turns spinning. Hold the top in the ring at the centre of the map and give it a spin. The blackleaf will describe the course of the top as it spins across the map, crossing various divisions. When the top stops, these divisions are checked and the numerals are added for a total score. The pencil route is then quickly erased and another player takes his or her turn. Three spins are taken by each player, the winner being the one with the largest score total.

Mr. Van Horn has traced the outline of the United States for an example. It will be easy to make one of Canada. Try it. There should be lots of fun in this game.

The Adventures of Peanuts and Popcorn

Related by Popcorn

"BO juicy apples, children." Well, I've just had a scamper around the neighbors' gardens and fences. I played a good trick on the Boss the other day. Across the road on the next street there is a big bush, eaten-ding for half a block, and there are some big trees there and a lot of stinging nettles and small bushes. It is like a forest to get through. I ran across the road and a boy and lady came along, and the lady tried to catch me. I ran in the bush, and the boy, Doug Fitch, Jimmy's older brother, went and told the Boss that I was lost in the bush. The Boss came over and pushed and crawled through the underbrush, and I just kept a few feet out of his reach. I climbed a tree and the Boss also climbed up. I ran down one side and got away again. I couldn't get far on account of the sparrows; they kept right after me and kept chirping, so the Boss was able to see me. He gave up the search after a while and I heard him say, "I guess that is the last of Pop," but when he got home I ran up to him as soon as he got out of the bush bliss.

Our youngsters are getting along fine. Almost as big as me now. They can chew through a filbert or walnut as quickly as I can. They are very fond of fighting for the biggest walnut or filbert. Sometimes all four of them will be lying on the floor, fighting and struggling for a walnut, and Donald will be a dozen more walnuts close by, but they all want the first one put into the cage. They shut their eyes and lie on their backs and scratch all four legs.

I told their mother that she had better send two of them away to a boarding school, as she is making arrangements. I think it will be Donald and Jean, as they are the ones that cause the most of the fur-wind. I asked the Boss what that word meant, and he said "Trouble," so I then asked him why people said, "All this turmoil and trouble?" and he went in the house and said the phone was ringing. I never heard it.

The Boss has been telling people that I would do harm to the youngsters, but yesterday he held out Donald and Margaret to me. I just sniffed at their nose and went about my business. I have been in a cage all by myself ever since the youngsters were born. I don't mind, as I have no worries, and do not have to fight for my meal whenever it arrives.

Peanuts has been going in to see the youngsters every morning until yesterday. When the Boss put her in she went and howled all the youngsters over, and they went squealing away. I guess she is through relating them now.

The Boss went to New Westminster last week and actually forgot to go to the tree where he found us to see if he could see our parents. He said the fire burnt up nearly all the fair buildings and they held the fair in big circus tents. Whilst he was away, little Miss Nellie Alberry came all the way from Sandwick, which is a little farming community near Courtenay, in Comox district, to see us. Her cousin, Alex Merriman, brought her along, and we had a little time together. I think she wanted to hold me, but there was no one to let me out. I am going to write to her soon.

I'll bet you are all excited when I tell you about what we have just found out. Well, we have a real live lady living here. Her name is Lady Nendaw, and I heard the Boss telling the lady boss that the Lady Nendaw had put some cantaloupe and oranges in a bag for us to eat. He found them on the fence. I'm very now that I went and chewed her honeysuckle tree, but I didn't do much damage.

I asked the Boss what had become of our district bobby, P.C. Peek, and he said he had been pro-moted, and now we have a policeman come round on a two wheel bim Bam.

We had a deputation of two young ladies call round on Saturday from Miss Lee's class at Margaret Jenkins School, inviting some of the Chickaees to call. The Boss said, "I guess you can go, Pop. The old dog for the hard road."

Squirrelville Loeals

MRS. Peanuts Chickaree returned to her old residence Sunday, after a busy season with her young family. The younger set are now in a house of their own. Master Donald and Miss Jean are shortly going to school at Royal Oak, and the Misses Margaret and Dorothy will remain at home for the Winter.

Jack Green, Donald Peterson and Master Miller made an informal call at Squirrelville during the holidays. Their assistance to the Boss whilst clearing out the house was greatly appreciated.

Mrs. Peanuts Douglass-Chickaree celebrated her return by camping out all night in the Boss bin house.

Mr. Baines, of the city, secured the contract for walnut and filbert supplies for the Chickarees.

John Kyle cycled over to the Chinarees on Saturday. His time has been spent during the week between the Chickarees and the houses on the street in course of construction.

Miss Betty Dean, of Guelph, Ont., has returned back East, after spending the holidays with her cousin, Dorothy Green. Betty posed for several photos with the Chickarees. Come again, Betty.

The Chickarees have received word that Miss Margaret Kerr's kitten, Bonzo, is now convalescent. Margaret's cousin, Miss Merle Johnson, is here from Los Angeles.

Mrs. D. Gurney, Swan Street, sent some lovely blackberries for the Chickarees, which were greatly appreciated. The Boss tried a few.

Mr. and Mrs Douglass-Chickaree desire to thank the following old friends for kind wishes: Miss Norah Cullin, Frank Davey, Alma Hill, Jack Corcoran, F. Anketell Jones, C. Luyat (Quesnel), Miss Helen Robertson, Web Robertson, Masters Godfrey Foulkes, Leonard Johnson, Charley Pearson, George Stewart and many others.

The Choice

There were dolls in grand confections
Of satins, silks and laces,
And dolls with fine complexions,
Requiring airight cases,
And dumb dolls, and talking dolls,
And spawking dolls, and walking dolls,
And dolls that speak or bawl,
And dolls that never, never break,
And lady dolls with hats on,
And gentlemen with spats on,
And rubber, rag and wood dolls,
And doubtful, bad and good dolls—
In fact, they were of all kinds,
Small kinds and tall kinds,
And did you count on fingers, toes,
Eyes, ears and cheeks, lips, teeth and nose,
You'd hardly count up any
Of the dolls that were so many—
From a guinea to a penny,

And Florence, lost in Fairyland,
Could only gape and clutch my hand
And feast her pretty eyes
"And which one would you like?" I said;
But Florence merely shook her head,
With sundry little sighs.
The shopman kindly showed us round,
And more than once I thought we'd found
The very doll for Flo.
Yet when I asked, "Is this your choice?"
I heard a very tiny voice
Distinctly answer "No."
But lo! at last the child espied
A doll that all her want supplied,
And clasped it to her breast.
And when I cried, "Oh, put it down . . .
The shabby thing!" (twas half a crown),
She said, "I like him best."
And though the doll was plain and poor,
A meagre make of image dour,
She would not let it go.
So after much ignored advice,
I paid the very modest price—
Nay, more, I had to call it "nice"
To satisfy Miss Flo.

—J. J. Bell.

Odds and Ends

I have one teacher that I love better than any other on earth. It is my tame little robin who preaches me a sermon. After he has taken his crumbs he hops to a tree close by and lifts up his voice to God, and sings his carols of praise and gratitude, then tucks his little head under his wing and goes to sleep, leaving tomorrow to look after itself.—Martin Luther.

A blind voice is a joy, life a lark's song, to a hearth at home. It is a light that sings as well as shines. Train it, sweet tones now and it will keep in time through life.—Ethu Burritt.

The lily has an air,
And the snowdrop a grace,
And the sweet pea a way,
And the heart's-ease a face;
Yet there's nothing like the rose
When she blows.

—Christina Rossetti.

Suburb and Country

Agriculture is a first principle: on it rests the life and happiness of mankind.—Julian A. Dimock

Care of Poultry on the Farm

By R. C. GIBSON

GOOD, clean litter is, we believe, of so great importance that we cannot let you embark upon a Winter's profitable poultry work without giving you a special "note" on the subject. Apart from making the houses look ever so much better and brighter, a good littering with one of the materials detailed later has many uses. It (1) provides exercise, (2) keeps fowls out of mischief and free of vices, (3) keeps their feet warm, (4) maintains a healthy atmosphere, (5) provides a clean floor, (6) acts as a soft cushion to the birds' feet, and (7) when finished with forms a valuable manure. Exercise is distinctly necessary to the health of all birds and the cheapest possible way of improving egg production in a flock is to provide the hens with a clean, dry house, upon the floor of which is plenty of scratching litter. The exercise involved by the scratching is a better egg tonic than physic. It also prevents birds from becoming fat and lethargic and gives them an interest in life.

You Gain Something

BIRDS made to scratch never develop vices such as egg eating, feather plucking and eating, or toe pecking. Again, all litter being of a porous nature, absorbs all the liquid portion of the fowls' excreta, keeping the atmosphere sweet and the birds dry and clean under foot. Hard floors cause bumblefoot, corns and stilted walking action, whereas littered floors are soft and natural and prevent such troubles. It is obvious, too, that litter must help a fowl to keep warm, thus saving the food for the purpose of egg production instead of maintaining bodily heat. Lastly, poultry manure is a really fine garden fertiliser, being three times as powerful as that from the farmyard, weight for weight. So much, then, for the good that litter can do. Now let us see the different types of "bedding" we have at our disposal and discuss the merits and demerits of each in turn.

Peat moss is a litter made by the breaking up and grading of peat. It has great absorbent properties and therefore lasts a long time—much longer than any other. It is slightly antiseptic and deodorizing and therefore keeps the house sweet-smelling.

Discourages Parasites

IT is objectionable to parasites, as the dust clogs up their breathing tubes and, being absorbent, the birds never have wet, clogged feet and always go to roost with dry, warm legs. When finished with as litter, it makes a really excellent fertiliser, the peat acting as a valuable humus. The only faults with this class of litter are that it is a trifle expensive and is apt to become dusty in dry weather and irritate the eyes and insides of the mouths of the birds. For young chickens this dusty quality is decidedly injurious and may cause trouble. It is important when ordering litter, especially peat moss, to specify that it is to be used for poultry. The proper peat moss for scratching sheds is that which is fine and dust-like. Peat moss which comes in big lumps is useless. It will not break up in the sheds.

The latter is cheaper, admittedly, but it is only fit for bedding horses and cows, and is not suitable for fowls. The depth of peat moss for adult fowls should be at least two inches; for baby chickens, a quarter of an inch, and for eight-weeks-old growers, three-quarters of an inch. If it should become dusty, it is best to water it slightly with a disinfectant solution.

Whole Straw

PROBABLY this is the easiest obtained, cheapest, and most appreciated litter. It is bright and cheerful, the fowls love to play about in it, and it keeps light and moveable for a long time. It is not so absorbent as peat moss. Barley straw is hard wearing. Oat straw is softer and breaks up quicker, and wheat straw is often darker in color. Whole straw should not be used for baby chickens or growers until they are at least ten weeks old. Straw should be clean, unbroken, free of weed seeds, bright in color and used at a depth of about seven inches.

Cut straw, chaff, cavings, flights, grain fannings: These are more or less the same. Cut straw is whole straw cut into lengths varying from a quarter of an inch to one inch. Chaff is the same, although the name is sometimes applied to cavings and flights, these latter being really the outer sheath of the grain which is rubbed and blown away from the kernel itself during threshing.

Grain Fannings

GRAIN fannings are practically the same as flights except that they are the residue left after grain is recleaned by blowing or winnowing. All these make the best possible baby chick litters, but care must be taken that whichever is used is clean, dustless, bright and sweet-smelling. It should be a quarter of an inch deep for baby chickens, increased to one inch for growers. For adults, too, it is an excellent litter providing fine exercise if used three inches deep.

Dead leaves are really excellent as scratching litter, remaining light and easily moved for a long while. If they have a drawback at all, it is that they are of rather a dark color. However, it will be found quite profitable to collect and dry leaves in the Autumn and store away tightly in sacks. One sack so stored will easily cover a floor area of thirty-five square feet. Sycamore, beech and willow leaves wear the best, but one need make no comparisons, for all are excellent in practice and the cost is nil. The best depth for adults is from five to six inches, and small leaves can be used for young chickens at a depth of anything up to one inch according to age.

Shavings

THESE, despite the contrary advice, are quite fine. They are light and keenly appreciated by the birds, which this litter helps to keep clear of parasites. The chief drawback is that shavings lessen the value of the manure. They may often be had for the collecting, but should never cost more than a few cents per large sack. The depth should be five inches.

Sawdust as a type of litter is hardly advisable because some fowls eat quantities of it. It is useful for dropping boards, thinly spread. As a bottom foundation beneath shavings it is quite excellent, but we do not advise it as a sole litter. If you can get some for nothing or very cheaply, by all means try it and watch the fowls. If birds are fed and managed properly, they will not eat their litter. Depth, two inches for adults. Not recommended for baby chickens.

Bracken—Where obtainable, this is quite good, the drawback being a certain heaviness and toughness caused by the stout stems. It may often be had free for the gathering. For ducks and geese it is particularly ideal owing to the fact that it allows the droppings to fall through and thus keep the birds' feet and underneath parts clean. Depth for adult fowls, six inches, for ducks and geese, eight inches, pressed down (not tightly, just to level it).

Hay Rarely Used

THIS, obviously, is because good hay is valuable as a food. But if you cut your old, weedy corners, and if you have no hesitation in using it as litter. True, it is not so good as straw, but so gathered, it is cheaper, and that is a big consideration. Depth, for adults only, six to seven inches.

Cedar chips make a parasiteproof aromatic litter. It has been used with success for young chickens, especially if obtainable in quarter-inch pieces. Depth for adults, two and a half inches, for young chickens, quarter to one inch. To be economical, the price should not be more than half that at which you can buy peat moss. Nut fibre meal is composed of thin and wiry hairy pieces, and it is quite good if it can be obtained cheaply enough. Depth, for adults only, four inches.

The Use of Litter

WELL, that concludes the list of litters at our disposal. A few warnings and notes as to the use of "bedding" must be added, though. It is absolutely no use to use litter in any old sort of place. As we have told you many times, the roof of the house must be weather-tight, the walls and windows likewise, while the floor—be it of wood, concrete, rammed earth or anything else—must be bone dry and capable of remaining so throughout the year. How often the litter requires to be changed depends on the number of birds you keep in the house. If you allow three square feet per bird, it will want cleaning out in the Winter about once every eight weeks. But if you allow four square feet straw will last from October to December and so on proportionately. Suffice it to say that the litter must be kept clean, sweet-smelling, loose, light and dry.

The Gizzard

THE gizzard of a fowl is a hard, muscular organ about the size of a flattened golf ball, and is situated about two-thirds of the way along the breast bone measuring from the front. Between it and the outside skin is the abdomen. It is felt for by grasping the abdomen between the fingers and thumb of one hand and pressing it gently upwards. What you feel now tells you a lot. If the abdomen appears unyielding and hard, the firmness reaching right to the skin so that the gizzard cannot be felt at all, it is a sign of stored-up fat. This condition must be rectified at once. It must be guarded against at all costs and is far better prevented than cured. Treatment consists of limiting the food, feeding on non-starchy materials, making the birds scratch and giving doses of Epsom salts. If the abdomen is watery and swollen and the gizzard is reached with difficulty, dropsy is the trouble. The liquid can be drawn off, but it is hardly worth the trouble.

Poultry Foods and Their Varieties

DO you know the difference between the various varieties of the same food? Many readers who study this Suburb and Country page do not do so; at least, so we judge by the questions we are asked. For instance, there is a vast difference between yellow and white maize meal; that is, in their value as poultry foods. Yellow maize meal is infinitely better. It also contains a pigment which deepens the color of the yolks of the eggs. This is a great point in its favor, since well-colored yolks are in demand. There is also a difference between fish meal and meat meal. They are both looked upon as substitutes for natural animal food, but in many ways the former is the better. It contains a larger amount of mineral salts—those salts without which a bird cannot thrive. When meat meal is employed it is necessary either to add another ingredient to the mash, such as lucerne or clover meal, which is strong in this respect, or to supply a mineral salt mixture. There is, however, very little difference between lucerne meal and clover meal, provided that both were prepared when the crop was young. Price should be the deciding factor in this case.

That fine old salt, Sir Thomas Lipton—he is a confirmed bachelor, by the way—tells an amusing story against himself. The servants on his yacht are Cingalese and wear long hair and short kilts—their native dress. Landing with three of them at a French port, he was horrified to overhear a stranger remark:

"That's Tommy Lipton with his three black wives!"

"I'm going to make them grow beards," adds Sir Thomas, grimly.

Canadian Products Are Appreciated Abroad

BEFORE leaving Great Britain to study conditions in which farm products are raised in Canada, five students of the Institute of Certified Grocers were addressed by Major MacLean, of the Empire Marketing Board. Major MacLean credited Canada with giving the lead in the direction of encouraging food distributors to acquire first-hand knowledge of the products of the Dominion. "Canada," he stated, "had everything to gain and nothing to lose by the people of Great Britain being better informed of the excellent conditions in which Canadian foodstuffs are produced and sent abroad."

Referring to Canadian apples, Major MacLean told the students that they will probably be amazed at the vast extent of the Canadian orchards and the army of people engaged in spraying the trees, gathering the fruit and packing and sending it to some other country in ships specially fitted with refrigerator space to insure the fruit being placed on the English breakfast table in excellent condition.

How About Your Sheep?

ARE your sheep doing well? If they are not, while your pasture is good and you can discover nothing amiss with the feed, then your flock is suffering from some kind of parasite trouble. There are three distinct kinds of sheep pests which are more or less common in this country, namely, insects, mites and internal worm parasites, either of which may be the cause of poorness of wool and condition, causing great suffering to the affected animals and loss to the farmer.

The commonest insect pest is the sheep maggot fly, which is familiar in its adult stage as the greenbottle, and is often seen sunning itself on fences and the hedgerow weeds. This fly lays its eggs in clusters on the wool, and the maggots which hatch from them bore their way into the skin and flesh causing painful sores. They are full-fed in fourteen days and then drop to the ground, where they change into brown pupae from which adult flies will emerge.

Eggs are most frequently laid on the wool of the tail and between the hind legs, and as the best preventive these parts should be kept clean and close clipped, while any affected parts should be dressed with butter and sulphur ointment. Another pest is the nostril fly, a brownish yellow insect about half an inch in length, which lays its eggs close to the sheeps' nasal passages, into which the hatched maggots make their way, and during their development cause great irritation and loss of condition. The sheep toss their heads about and rub their noses on the ground or with their feet when affected with this parasite. The maggot eventually is sneezed out and pupates on the ground. All affected animals should be isolated so that the maggots are not discharged onto the pasture. A good method of prevention is to dress with tar or fish oil and, to save time, the sheep can be made to do this for themselves if the oil is smeared on the sides of a V-shaped salt-lick trough so that they get the tar on their noses when helping themselves to salt.

Lice and keds are body parasites which spend almost their whole existence in the sheeps' wool and suck its blood by puncturing the skin. These nuisances must be kept constantly in check by means of a good arsenical or coal tar dip. But in the cold season, when dipping cannot be done, a good dry powder must be used instead. Here is a good mixture: Naphtalene, 1 oz.; hellebore, 1 oz.; snuff, 2 ozs.; boracic acid, 2 ozs.; sulphur, 3 ozs.—all in fine powdered form.

We now come to mites, these not being insects in the proper sense of the word, as they are produced from eggs direct without intermediate stages. The worst are the scab and mange mites, of which the first symptoms are restlessness and a constant desire to bite the affected parts, which results in the formation of scabs. Any animal which exhibits irritation should be carefully examined. If a portion of the wool or scab is placed on a piece of black paper in the sun the tiny scab mites can be seen with the naked eye moving slowly about over it.

This is a notifiable disease all over the British Empire, and its outbreak should be communicated to the nearest police officer, when the animals will have to be properly treated with an officially approved dip.

His One Request

John Galsworthy is a kind man. He is even kind to newspaperman. But he can be very gently cutting, if one can encompass such an expression.

Many years ago he was interviewed in New York, while on a visit. He was interviewed at breakfast. He had only one request to make.

"Now you must not say," he begged, "that I was eating a traditional English breakfast." And so—possibly—the world's susceptibilities were saved from a cliche, for once.

Incidentally, Galsworthy is one of the few prodigious writers who never use the typewriter.

Not So Important

Sir Ignace Paderewski is fond of telling the story of his first meeting with M. Clemenceau, the famous French statesman.

"You are the great Paderewski, the world-famous pianist?" remarked Clemenceau.

"Certain people have been kind enough to call me famous," modestly admitted Paderewski.

"And you have charmed millions with your playing?" continued Clemenceau.

"Flatterers tell me so," answered Paderewski.

"And now you are President of the Polish Republic?"

"I have that honor."

"What a come-down!"

Canadian Gardening Service

PLANTING FALL BULBS—It is a simple matter to have a brilliant display of bloom within a few weeks after the snow disappears. To get this, secure bulbs now and plant outside. These bulbs are imported by seedsmen usually from Holland, where they have been grown this year and in which the flower for next year is already formed. On this account it is advisable to get the largest size bulbs, as these naturally contain the largest flowers, and when used there are fewer "misses." For Spring blooming, bulbs are usually planted outside in September, where they will develop root growth before the freeze-up, and be in a good position to spring forth as soon as the snow disappears six or seven months from now. Snowdrops will bloom as soon as the snow is gone and these are followed in rapid succession by scillas, crocuses, grape and Dutch hyacinths, narcissus, early, Cottage, Darwin and Breeder tulips. By selecting varieties, carefully keeping in mind the time of blooming, there will be some flowering by these bulbs from early April until almost July. Tulips, narcissus and hyacinths should be planted from four to six inches deep and about the same distance apart, while the smaller bulbs should be planted about two inches apart and an inch or two deep. The very tall, later tulips will stand more erect if planted from eight to ten inches deep. In very heavy soil, follow the shallower plantings described above, with deeper plantings if the soil is light.

VARIETIES—Some of the varieties which have given the best satisfaction in Canada are as follows: Narcissus—Emperor, Sir Watkin, Madame de Graaff, Madame Plomp and Poeticus. Hyacinth—Lagrandesse, Grand Lilas, King of the Blues, Gigantea and Roi de Belges. The tulips are too numerous to list separately. They range in color from almost pure black to the most brilliant scarlet. It is advisable to get a bulb catalogue and select the color, shape and type desired. For outside planting, any of them can be recommended, but for planting indoors the early, forcing types are best. These are usually specially marked in the catalogue. A few dozen of the latter, if planted close to the south wall of the house, will usually come into bloom several weeks earlier than any other flowers and they may be counted upon absolutely to amaze the neighbors.

PLANTING BULBS INDOORS—One can easily have house flowers from early in November until well on in February by planting suitable bulbs in pots or bowls at this time. Narcissus, hyacinths, Chinese lilies, tulips, freesias, scillas, daffodils and others can be grown in soil, water, pebbles or fibre. For all round satisfaction, fibre is probably the best substance in which to grow them, as it can be bought along with the bulbs, is cleanest to handle, requires no drainage, and can be used over and over again. Tulips, daffodils, narcissus and hyacinths should be planted deep enough so that only the tip of the bulb shows above the surface. The Chinese lily should not go in nearly as deep. The narcissus and Chinese lily will bloom in about six to eight weeks, while the hyacinths, tulips and daffodils will not come on in less than two or three months. By planting the narcissus in succession two crops of flowers can be produced in the same bowl, while planting the others at intervals of two weeks from now until Christmas will give a succession of bloom from February on to the time when the outside flowers will commence blooming. After planting, place the bulbs in a dark, cold cellar where the temperature can be kept down as close to 45 degrees as possible. When the root growth has developed well (this can be ascertained by turning one of the pots or bowls out in the hand), bring out into fair light and a temperature of about 55 degrees. Water more liberally and in a week or two remove to full sun and a temperature of 65 or 70 degrees. After the flowers come out, keep the plants fairly cool, not much over 65 degrees, and, if possible, give them much lower temperature at night, or at least for a few hours a day. This will make the blooms last longer.

Deer's Long Trek

ONE of the most spectacular treks in recent times is shortly to be carried out under the auspices of the Canadian Government, through its Department of the Interior, when 3,000 of the largest and healthiest reindeer in Alaska are to be assembled and transferred to 15,000 square miles of selected grazing grounds lying east of the delta of the Mackenzie River, in the Northwest Territories. Here it is expected that the animals will thrive and multiply. Some indication of the forethought in planning the undertaking, says the report, is gleaned from the statement that though the herd will be assembled on the northern coast of Alaska in October of this year, it will not reach its destination until the Spring of 1931, the halfway point being the region between Point Barrow and the Colville River.

Studies Bee Culture

Emperor Hirohito of Japan, already known as an amateur biologist, has added bee culture to his scientific research. An apiary of four hives was set up in the Imperial villa at Nasu, where the ruler will sojourn until late Autumn.

French Ambassador Claudel at a dinner in Washington praised indirect taxes.

"Finance," he said, "favors these taxes because they are easier to endure than direct taxes. They bring in more, too.

"How much better to pay a tax unconsciously with every pound of sugar you buy instead of filling out cheques for income tax and real estate tax and what not.

"'Darling,' a young wife said, 'what is the precise difference between direct and indirect taxation?'

"'The same difference,' said her husband, 'as between your asking me for money and going through my pockets while I'm asleep.'"

Fruit From the Ground Up

A Series of Articles, Written From Actual Experience on Making a Small Fruit Farm on Vancouver Island

No. IV

TO me it is a very wonderful thing how quickly Nature heals over wounds and makes of what has been an ugliness and an eyesore a thing of supreme beauty. Everywhere one finds evidence of this, and especially in the forests, where, over the fallen and dead debris she weaves such lovely coverings of moss and fern and flower. In the cedar woods where there have been tragedies of broken trees, the Lady Slipper (Calypso Bulbosa) finds her natural habitat, and the Erythronium. When these are done, there creep over their sleeping place the Linnea and the Star Flower, and many more. But perhaps Nature is more swiftly kind to the burnt lands than to any others, for, no sooner is the next Spring come than she flings a largesse of wonderful bloom all among the black stumps and over the fallen skeletons. Like a sunset cloud the Fireweed lies on the stricken land, and the sight of it rejoices the heart as a rainbow after a storm. So it was with us when, the year after the burning, we saw the mist of color making a beautiful thing of our devastated forest.

The First Garden

WE watched our plants eagerly and saw with great satisfaction that we should have all we required to set out the land we had ready, nearly an acre. Little runners practically filled the whole space between the rows and they were large and healthy. In the meantime Henry continued to clear and burn after outside tasks were done for the day. He was still obliged to work for the neighbors, but with two of us earning we had no anxiety. We were both young. We could afford to develop our place by degrees. But we were anxious to make the farm produce enough so that we might give our whole time and attention to it, and have the sort of home life which in the bottom of our hearts we all love best, where the woman can be wife and mother in the home, and the husband the breadwinner on his own place.

By the end of May we had a full acre planted in strawberries. One allows nine thousand plants to the acre. The rows are three feet apart and eighteen inches in the rows. A plant to set out should have a good crown and well-developed roots. The soil must be soft and light. The hole is made with a trowel or spade and the roots given plenty of depth.

Straws, Logans and Cherries

FROM these plants, as they would be well developed, we should pick the next season. Having finished for the present with our strawberries we went at the clearing again, getting some land ready for logans, which we should put out in the Autumn when we could buy some tips.

By that time we were able to purchase some twenty-five cherry trees. We bought Lamberts and Bings. These bring the biggest price on the markets, from twenty-five to forty cents a pound. We were fortunate in getting them at a bargain—one dollar each. They were placed in the strawberry rows, twenty-five feet apart and thirty feet in the rows.

Our parent plants from which we had cut the runners, bore a few berries this first year, and Henry and I declared and still insist that never have we tasted fruit more delicious, the first we had ever grown. We looked forward to the flowering and fruiting of the acre with eager anticipation. Again and again, from the number of berries and blossoms on the present plants, we computed what our acre ought to produce and multiplied this by the price we hoped to get. It seemed quite possible to us that our earnings might amount to several hundred dollars. The first year would not be the best year, but the fruit had a good start and should do well.

Fruit Association

WE joined the Fruit Association, of course, and Henry went to all of the meetings and listened to plenty of good advice. In September we put in our loganberries. This fruit, which grows only in certain favorable climates, has come into prominence during the last few years. We had never heard of it on the Prairie and were astonished at the beauty of the berries, their size, and their nice, refreshing tang. They make delicious jam, but are chiefly used in this country for the manufacture of wine, which is said to be a beneficial tonic. The growers sell them through the association and they produce prolifically, are easy to handle and require very little cultivation. They are good for years. One plants the tips, and the first season's growth is cut away, which allows for root development. The second year's growth is put up on wires between posts about eight feet apart, close enough to support the weight in the rows. It is not until the third year that the vines come into full bearing.

Enlarged Acreage

ALWAYS we were clearing and burning a little so that our acreage might be enlarged. And there was fencing to be done. Wire for fencing costs a lot and we could not begin to buy enough for the whole place. We made a temporary fence around the berry patches from the burned and fallen trees. What is known as a pitch pole fence, rather a picturesque sort of thing usually, but burnt trees are not beautiful, any way one uses them. I didn't like the fence and the making of it was a very blackening job, but for the time being it served the purpose of keeping the vagrant cattle out. Just around the cabin we made a special fence. I insisted upon that. I couldn't bear those ugly poles near our pretty little home. So Henry made a rail fence with small cedars in conformity to the house; put it together with tree nails and the result was quite satisfactory from our point of view, particularly the gate, which is a most ingenious thing, and of which I must get a picture.

The same Autumn, too, we planted a few trees within our yard, a maple, a berberry (from which one gets the cascara), a little group of alders, and three small firs. We let them have plenty of room, because in time we expected that they would give us all the shade we required. From the beginning they seemed quite happy and have done their best. This year they will have their second birthday and are sending out plenty of new shoots.

Garden Week by Week

By NORMAN W. F. RANT, F.R.H.S.

A VERY large number of gardens are afflicted with clay soil, which cuts like soap when wet and bakes like brick when dry. Clay soil can be made into excellent garden soil. It is easier to handle than sandy or gravelly soil.

A particularly trying condition is a thin surface soil of good quality with a subsoil of clay. The clay must be broken up to a depth of a foot or more to make this soil good garden material. Stiff clay needs lime, both to sweeten it and to loosen it. A good dressing after the ground is broken up, using a pound of refined lime to the square yard, will be helpful.

Sand and sifted coal ashes dug into clay soil help to break it up effectively, but the spading in of manure, well decayed, or humus composed of decaying leaves and vegetable refuse is, in the long run, one of the best means. This is a matter of several years' work, annually digging in the manure of compost. In time it will be converted into ideal garden soil. Instead of using refined lime one may dig in crushed lime stone, which is one of the cheapest and most satisfactory ways of applying lime.

Makes Fine Crops

CLAY soil must be dug over and over for several seasons, and when it is conquered it produces fine crops, as fine as any gardener could desire. Take it a section at a time. An excellent method is to plant clover for a year and plough it under. The chief object is to get air into the soil and bits of vegetable matter to break the cohesion of the clay, which excludes moisture and air.

Clay soils contain plant food, but the soil particles are so cohesive that the roots have difficulty in penetrating it to get the nourishment. Crushed lime stone and decayed vegetable matter are the prescriptions to be used early and often.

The Useful Camellia

THE camellia is gaining in popularity. It can be grown in and around Victoria and will flower most years.

The Moravian traveler, Joseph Kamel, first described this plant in the seventeenth century. Its glossy green leaves and rose-like blossoms were attractive to him and still hold a charm.

It was not long, as time goes, before camellias were introduced to royal gardens in Europe. In 1803 Charles III presented some to Napoleon and Josephine for the royal gardens at Malmaison.

They were introduced into America in the New England States in the early nineteenth century. Plants from the Hovey gardens in Massachusetts sold for $25 apiece in 1848.

Intelligent care, which, however, need not be difficult, will usually bring the camellia through all right, causing it to bloom in a satisfactory manner. The plant is adapted to rather cool places where the temperature fluctuates but little. Free access to air and liberal quantities of water applied with such caution that the soil may never remain soaked after the wants of the plant are supplied are the secret of success.

Care in Watering

THE amateur frequently becomes discouraged in attempting to grow the camellia, experiencing the disappointment of having the plants drop their buds before they are developed. This is not a natural habit of the plant but usually can be traced to the fault of the gardener.

The plant makes its annual growth in Summer, during which period it forms its buds. The danger period immediately follows. If the roots become dry the buds will fall, and the same thing will happen if watering is overdone.

The colors of the cultivated camellias are white, rose, cherry, salmon and red. The form and position of the thick, waxlike lustrous petals differ in the several varieties, yet, in almost every instance, they build up flowers of perfect rose-like form. They are produced in Fall, Winter and early Spring.

Short Days Aid Flowers

WHAT determines the time of plant flowering? Some late flowering plants seem to await the cool Fall weather. Many of the finer varieties of late chrysanthemums await only shortened days. Contrary to what one would expect, they can actually be made to blossom as early as July, about three months ahead of time, by shortening their exposure to daylight hours.

In experiments by the Bureau of Plant Industry cuttings of a late variety made in Winter were grown to bushy plants in May. These were exposed to only ten hours of daylight, from 8:30 a.m. to 3:30 p.m., when they were moved to a darkened house. Plants so treated have flowered as early as July 15 or early August. Check plants did not flower until the middle of October.

"It is evident," says Dr. H. A. Allard, in charge of the work, "that the chrysanthemum flowers because the Autumnal days initiate flowering, not because they are cool, but because of the short daylight exposure."